

2, 1911

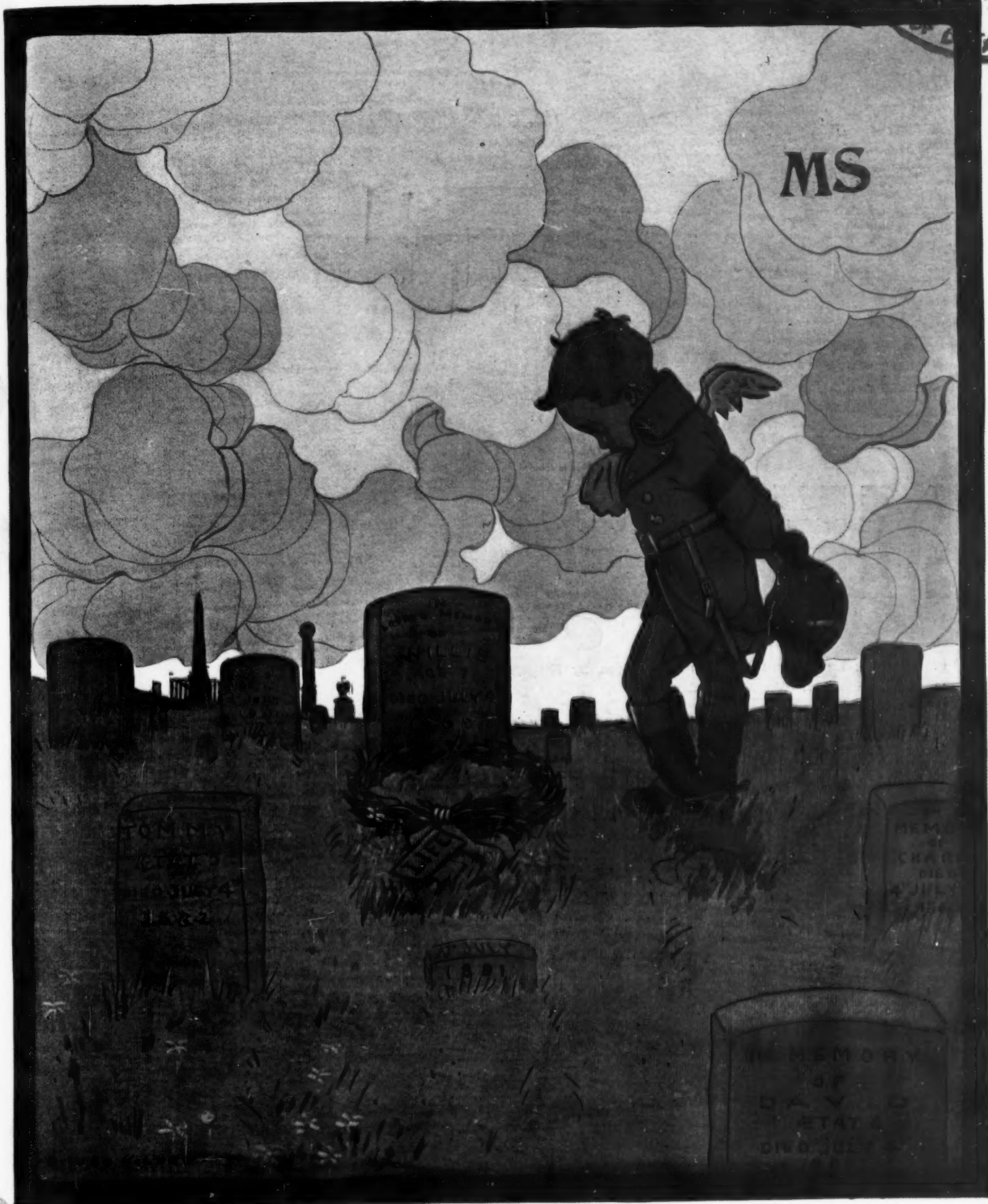
FOURTH OF JULY
NUMBER

JUN 26 1911

Life

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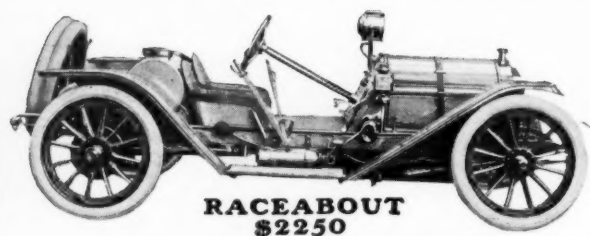


*The
car of
calibre ~*

**TWO
MERCER
RACEABOUTS**

of 300 cubic inch piston displacement, driven by Hughes and Sherwood,
**Won New Honors in the
500-Mile Indianapolis Race,
Finishing Well Up With the Leaders
and Breaking Every Speedway Record
from 75 Miles up to 500 Miles**
for cars of 300 cubic inches and under, regardless of class.

The leaders were all cars of nearly double the Mercer's piston displacement, demonstrating that excess power and excess weight simply waste fuel and "eat up" tires, without adding speed.



**RACEABOUT
\$2250**

Both Mercers averaged over 67 miles an hour. Hughes drove his car the entire distance without relief, proving that the Mercer is **THE EASIEST HANDLED CAR BUILT**

MERCER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.
DISTRIBUTORS:—Chicago, Schillo Motor Sales Co., 945 East Dakin St.
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A Demonstration of a Mile in 51 Seconds Guaranteed



BALL TO BALL BILLIARDS

The only book on billiards for 20 years. Written by one who knows. Completely illustrated with photographs and diagrams and substantially bound in paper boards.

Sent prepaid for FIFTY CENTS.

Money back if not delighted.

WM. A. SPINKS & CO., 358 West Erie Street, Chicago.

Our Presidents

Washington first—he arranged the Finance;
Then came John Adams, who quarreled with France.
Thomas Jefferson third—Louisiana he bought;
Fourth, Madison, under whom England was fought.
James Monroe gave the doctrine and let in Missouri,
Then Adams, whose tariff aroused men to fury.
Jackson, seventh, refused to the bank a new charter
And made poor Van Buren to panic a martyr.
William Harrison died and by Tyler was followed,
Under Polk all the troops in a bloody war wallowed.
Taylor, eleventh, had trouble with slavery,
And Fillmore put through the Clay Compromise bravely.
Then Pierce struggled through the Nebraska division,
And Buchanan was in for the Dred Scott Decision.
Great Lincoln was wise in a time of depression,

Simply strain
through
cracked
ice, and
serve.

Club Cocktails

When others are offered, it's for the purpose of larger profits. Accept no substitute.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROS.
Sole Props.
Hartford
New York
London



SILENCE

PEERLESS

COMFORT

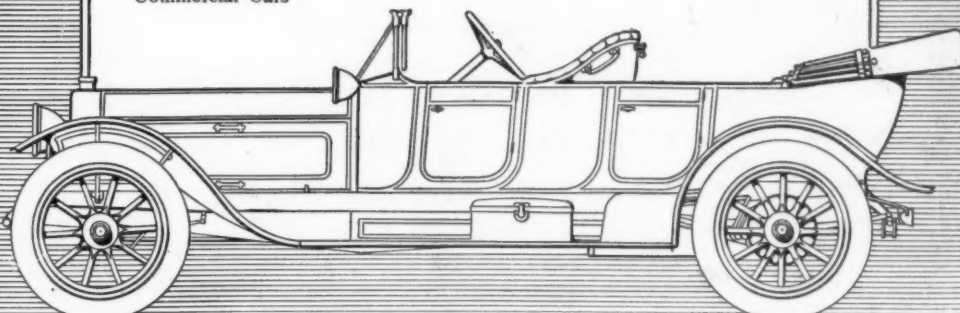
ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

Comfort in motoring demands ease of both mind and body. This means confidence that the car will respond easily, quietly, smoothly to every call made upon it; that safety is assured; and that these qualities are enduring. It also requires construction and appointments that absorb and dissipate the shocks of the roughest highway and give smoothness to the riding motion.

Among the important conveniences of the 1912 Peerless are the Dynamo Electric Lighting System, which supplants the gas tank and oil lamp, and affords a brilliant effective light for every lamp on the car. Also a power-driven air pump with which inflation of tires is neither hard work nor an inconvenience.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland Ohio

Makers also of Peerless
Commercial Cars



60 "SIX" FIVE PASSENGER PHAETON

When Southern States fought for the right of secession.
Andrew Johnson came next, was impeached and acquitted,
Ulysses S. Grant for two terms seemed fitted.
Hayes followed, then Garfield, whom Arthur succeeded,
Then Cleveland, who Congress by veto impeded.

Harrison's term gave the tariff a send-up,
And Cleveland again held the Democrat's end up.
McKinley waged war with the poor Spanish nation,
And Roosevelt came and upheld arbitration.
William Taft has the chair until 1913,
And who then will follow remains to be seen.

H. W. A.

Coming!



Next Week.—Fresh Air Number. Are you a farmer? Then you know the charm (and expense) of life in the country. Incidentally LIFE has a farm of his own for those boys and girls who happen to be detained in the city most of the year. This number will show them where they really belong. Besides, it is a very large first-of-the-month number, rippingly relevant to out-of-doors.



Boy's Number.—July 13. Every kind of boy will be depicted in this number, from the goody-goody to the awful bad boy, who grows up to be somebody or other. Boys! You can't resist them. Your boy is there!



Her Number.—July 20. Have you ever heard of Her? Who is she? She may be your sweetheart, your wife or your affinity. You'll know when you see this number. No woman who ought to be there is omitted from this transcendently terrifying number.



Nicotine Number.—August 3. Every smoker will at last come to his own. Filled with pure Havana jokes, with a wrapper by Anderson, in colors, that will produce the best reverie you ever had.



Deep Sea Number.—August 10. Brimful of briny, brilliant and beautiful outbursts of pictorial and literary spray. Every wave has a crest of its own and every sea gull soars, and the deep sea's rife in this August LIFE, while the ocean reads (and roars.) A midsummer number that will cast a rainbow over your storm cloud.

*On all News-stands
Every Tuesday
10 cents*

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

While There's
American Hosiery
UNDERWEAR
There's Hope
For Men, Women and Children
"NO BETTER IN THE WORLD"

The Woman and the Artist

LAST year a prominent Boston society leader, in arranging a musical surprise at an elaborate dinner given to the town's elite, called on a singer of renown to engage her services for that event. It chanced that the singer was naturally independent. On the other hand the caller was notoriously haughty. As a result this was what transpired between them.

After the visitor had announced the import of her coming, the singer succinctly said she would sing one number for \$200, and that it would be a Wagnerian selection.

"The price we will not haggle over," said the visitor, "but instead of that grand opera selection I want you to render one of the light and popular ditties of the day!"

"For the Wagnerian song, \$200; for the popular ditty, \$300!" was the firm reply.

"But, madame," expostulated the society leader, "your classical song is much more exacting on your powers, so why should you charge more for the lighter and easier song?"

A SANE FOURTH
Protect, Surprise and Delight
the children by giving them



Kuyler's
Giant Firecrackers
And other

Fourth of July Novelties
Filled with

Kuyler's **Unsurpassable CANDIES**

The absolute Purity of our Candy makes them doubly safe for all.

Remember your grip has room for a box of *Kuyler's* Temptingly Delicious

Bonbons and Chocolates
for her

Stores and Sale Agents
everywhere



FISK

Heavy Car Type Tires
(For Any Rim)

Treads Do Not Loosen

Fabric Does Not Break

Styles:
Bolted-On
Clincher
Q.D. Clincher
Fisk-Dunlop

Fisk
Clincher



Eliminate these and other troubles which make tire equipment an expense and source of dissatisfaction

Fisk Tires give exceptional mileage and just naturally WEAR out. There is no weakness in construction to develop with use

Your tire equipment is an investment and should be subject to businesslike investigation before any money is put into it

THERE IS EVERY INDICATION THAT THE SERVICE FISK TIRES ARE GIVING TODAY CANNOT BE EQUALED. We can guarantee satisfactory returns and urge you to make inquiry among Fisk Tire users before you buy again

Order from Our Nearest Branch. On Request, the Factory Will Tell You More About These Remarkable Tires.

The Fisk Rubber Company
Department S Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Direct Factory Branches in the Following Cities:

New York, Boston, Providence, Springfield, Mass., Hartford, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, New Orleans, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Mo., Fargo, Omaha, Denver, Seattle, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Fresno, Sacramento.

"Ah," replied the independent one, "the harder song is all fun to me; the easier one all work!"

So the price was fixed at \$300.

Just as the haughty visitor was about to depart, she turned to the artist and said:

"Of course, I shall not expect you to mingle with my guests."

"Ah," was the biting retort, "I shall throw off \$50."



HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS
FOR AUTOMOBILES
Lubricates: Burns Cleanly.
Write for Booklet, "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication."
HAVOLINE OIL CO.
Main Office, 199 William Street,
New York City.
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All Garages
W. F. Fuller & Co.

All Dealers
San Francisco, Cal.
Agents

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FOR ALL THE OWNERS *of* PACKARD MOTOR CARS *and* TRUCKS

TO provide the sinews of Packard service, the Packard shops at Detroit include a distinct and complete factory for the manufacture of extra parts. This department supplies dealers and also ships directly to owners on telegraphic order. We can furnish any part for any Packard car that was ever sold.

Each Packard dealer carries a complete line of parts in stock and maintains a Service Department with all facilities for the overhaul and repair of Packard cars and trucks. The materials supplied by the factory and the working facilities supplied by the dealer are in the hands of men who know their job. Every Packard owner commands, free of charge, the services of a factory-trained expert in inspecting his car and making minor adjustments.

Packard dealers in over eighty cities co-operate in extending the same service to Packard tourists. A Packard owner receives the same consideration from any Packard dealer that he receives where he purchased his car.

For the hundreds of Packard owners who tour abroad every season, we have a complete service depot and information bureau at 177 Boulevard Pereire, Paris. This depot carries a supply of parts and provides tourists with the same service they have at home and with assistance in such details of continental touring as road information, shipments, customs, licenses, etc.

1912 car catalog or special truck catalog on request

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one



The Glorious Fourth

IT was about ten years ago that LIFE first suggested the idea of a safe and sane Fourth of July. The publication of a picture representing a boy the morning after the Fourth, was the beginning of the crusade. Thereafter we loaned this picture to our contemporaries, and the idea, once launched, gathered impetus with each year, until last year it was taken up by Mayor Gaynor and a committee formed. Little by little it has been spreading over the country, until the celebration of a safe and sane Fourth has now become a part of the regular programme.

Noise, however, still persists. Firecrackers still explode. Toy pistols still continue their deadly work.

It takes a long time to institute a reform. It will probably be many years yet before the whole people become accustomed to the thought that it is possible to celebrate a national holiday without killing and maiming a lot of people, including children.

Incidentally, this number of LIFE is dedicated to that idea.

And, generally, this being the season when we are reminded of our forefathers, it celebrates, among other trifles, American independence.

One Advantage

"SO you have adopted a baby to raise?" we ask of our friend. "Well, it may turn out all right, but don't you think you are taking chances?"

"Not a chance," he answers. "No matter how many bad habits the child may develop, my wife can't say he inherits any of them from my side of the house."

Reliable

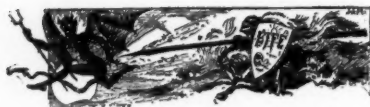
"THE number of men and women who don't know what they are talking about is increasing in the United States."

"Where do you get your information from?"

"From the census report."



"THERE'S A BIG TIME COMING!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THE prospect is that, barring accidents, this issue of LIFE will find King

George V. formally and accurately crowned King of Great Britain and leading official in her various connections and dependencies. A great many people will have seen a great show, and the papers will be computing how many million dollars the Americans left in London. From some points of view a coronation in England is amusing, so shadowy is now the power that goes with crown and sceptre; but, after all, a King is a very handy man in England, and considerably more than a merely ornamental part of British government. He does not govern much, but he is a very convenient and handsome instrument of government. And he stands for habits and traditions that are valuable, and helps to set the fashions and to make life socially interesting, and he would be very much missed if he were not there.



THE leading question about British royalty nowadays seems to be: Is it worth the money? It costs the British people something, but to us it looks cheap at the price, considering what they get. The royal family is pictorial, and, at present, very respectable. It only costs three or four million dollars a year, and is worth far more than that merely as a national stage property, and irrespective of all the useful labors of all its members. We have nothing of the sort that is as good or as cheap. Mr. Carnegie costs ten or fifteen millions a year, and he

does what he can to fill the public eye, but at his best he is not so filling as King George, though considerably more talkative. Mr. Rockefeller comes still higher, but does not exhibit to much advantage. Mr. Morgan must be twice as expensive as the whole British royal family, and, to be sure, Mr. Morgan in action is a mighty fine spectacle. But he hates the show business, avoids exhibitions and uses language when you pop at him with a camera. He makes a poor substitute for a King; and, besides, he governs too much.

King George is a bargain. We wish him health, peace, happiness, long continuance in office, and such increases of salary as may suit the changing times.



WE need a few Kings in this large country. We couldn't call them Kings, because of public prejudice against that title, but we have plenty for them to do in making distinguished appearances on public occasions. The Governors do their best, and they are useful, but a little too local for some duties. The President gets around as much as he can, but the country is very big and the President is hard-worked. We ought to have a few salaried dignitaries of national notoriety, who could make speeches and would always be recognized at sight by any audience. If we pensioned our ex-Presidents, as we should, that would usually help to supply this deficiency.

It would help the picture papers, too, if we had more ornamental families officially committed to public life and paid for their services as performers. But never mind! never mind! we will rub along somehow, with life decorated as at present by volunteers.



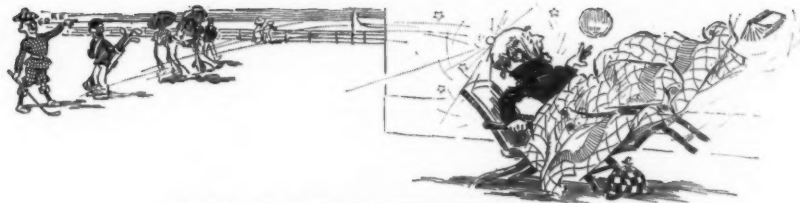
BEING asked, "What endangers the American home now?" Mr. Bryan replies, "We're too busy making money." Governor Harmon, speaking to a graduating class of law students, finds the profession of law in danger from the same cause. The chief danger to it in these days, he

says, "is the desire for wealth, which first spreading elsewhere with amazing speed, has not left lawyers untouched."

Mrs. Stowe's centennary came this month. Times have changed since she was born at Litchfield, Conn., the daughter of a distinguished minister, living in excellent company and trying to raise all the children that came to him—thirteen finally—on eight hundred dollars a year. To be sure, Lyman Beecher was farmer as well as minister, but that astonishing family never had any money worth mentioning, but they did have a very lively and kindly home life, and they lived as the social equals and companions of cultivated people of the best sort. Lyman Beecher finally left Litchfield and moved to Boston because he needed more money to educate his children, and especially to send all his boys to college. He struck out for what money he had to have just as people do now, but at most he only had to have absurdly little to accomplish what now would cost most people from five to ten times as much.

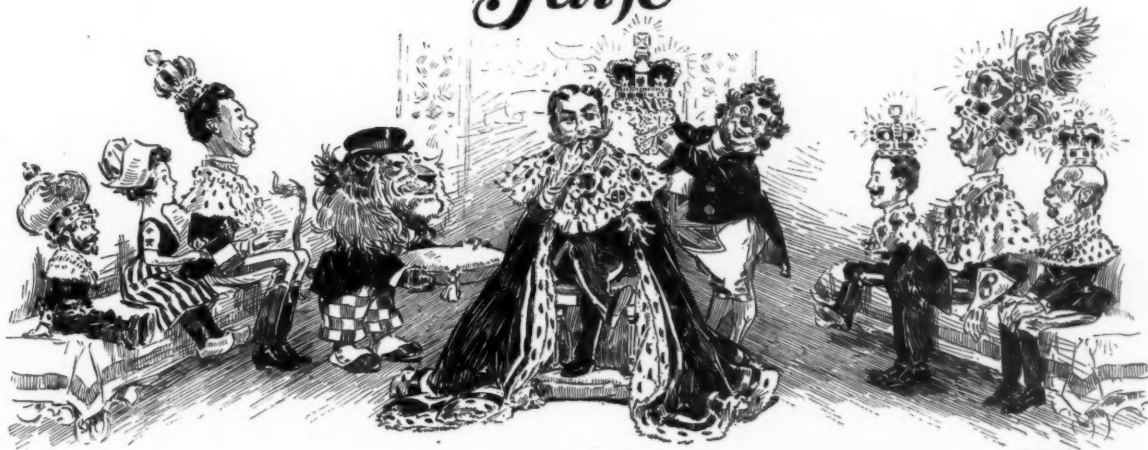
We can live cheaply enough now if we choose to, in so far as getting the necessities of life goes, and the great majority of people do live cheaply, but the enormous increase of wealth in the last sixty years and the immense increase of commodities that has come by the introduction of machinery has made comparative necessities out of hundreds of things that used to be luxuries, and we think we must have them.

We don't believe Americans are any keener after money now than they were in Lyman Beecher's day. Money is much easier to get now than it was then, and there are many more things that need to be bought with it. But here, in the East at least, the conditions of American life have changed, and families proceeding up to thirteen can no longer be reared in polite and cultivated society on eight hundred dollars a year without foregoing something of their mental development. We do see lots of people driving themselves hard to get money to throw away in extravagance, and they are foolish people, but the matter about homes is not so much that we are too busy making money, as that too many of us don't know how to make homes with the money when we get it.



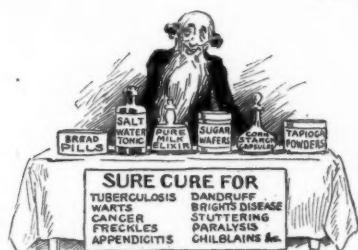
TRANS ATLANTIC PASSENGERS MAY NOW PLAY GOLF.

June



THE NEW MEMBER.

P.T. RICHARDS.



"YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME."



ESKIMOS SAIL FOR HAMBURG.



BERLIN NOW HAS A HAT-PIN WAR.



JUST TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO.



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP -"

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,347.34
"C. H. L.".....	10.00
W. S. H.....	10.00
Joseph Thomas Griffith, Jr.....	5.00
G. S. Merriam.....	5.10
A Friend.....	5.00
In Memory of F. W. J. and N. U. J.....	10.00
Mrs. H. M. Parksdale.....	5.00
"June tenth".....	5.00
George F. Corliss.....	10.00
George W. Clyde.....	20.00
Caswell W. Stoddard.....	10.00
Mrs. T. G. Todd.....	10.00
Florence P. Ensign.....	10.00
Charles A. Munn.....	25.00
John T. Terry, Jr.....	25.00
Wm. Magenau.....	5.00
Emily S. Watson.....	25.00
Ezra R. Thayer.....	10.00
William Ziegler, Jr.....	100.00
Frank Drummond.....	25.00
S. H. Vandergrift.....	10.00
Fred L. Gross.....	2.00
Walter Boswell.....	5.00
"Est. of S. S.".....	50.00
Theodore R. Hoyt.....	25.00
John R. Lawrence.....	3.00
Mrs. Geo. Lawrence, Sr.....	3.00
Anna J. Valentine.....	5.31
Jas. R. Dilworth.....	25.00
"C. & M.".....	10.00
In Memory of "M. B. W.".....	10.00
George S. McKearin.....	5.00
Browning Literary Club, Class Six.....	5.10
"A Friend".....	100.00

\$3,935.85

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

200 tins of "Orbit Norwegian Sardines," received from A. J. Schossberger & Co.
2 cases of cooking utensils, sent by Mr. Edward B. Brooks.
5,000 circulars of the Farm from "A Friend."

Commissioner Cram

MR. CRAM has been appointed a member of the Public Utilities Commission in New York City. Mr. Bassett, whom he succeeds, was considered one of the more competent members of the commission, and some regret has been expressed that he was not reappointed. Governor Dix considers Mr. Cram a highly competent person. Other authorities, such as the *Times* and the *Evening Post*, dissent strongly from that estimate and regard the appointment as preposterously unfit.

The trouble is that it is hard to estimate Mr. Cram's value to the city as a member of that commission, because his entire public record so far is a record of personal usefulness to Mr. Charles Murphy.

We have to weigh Mr. Cram in Mr. Murphy's scales. If you think Murphy would not have kept him around so long unless he had been valuable, then there is that ground for surmising that he may be valuable to the commission.

We wish the basis of hope that this appointment will prove creditable to Governor Dix was a trifle more substantial. Mr. Cram is a polite man. He was polite to Mr. Murphy for a long time, and recently he has been polite to Governor Dix. It remains to be seen to whom he will be polite as commissioner.

Don't Throw Newspapers in the Street!

THERE are ordinances galore for the decent regulation of human life in this metropolis, and there is doubtless one that forbids a citizen to throw down a newspaper on the sidewalk or in the street whenever he happens to have finished with it. Natural decency would seem to be enough to restrain civilized people from vandalism of that sort, but a considerable part of our population is very imperfectly civilized and habitually misconducts itself without any realization of its misbehavior. Men throw papers from the street-cars or from the windows of the elevated trains, not only without scruple, but apparently without suspicion that they are disorderly in doing so. So in the parks people leave newspapers wherever they happen to drop them, just as they do orange peel, banana skins and peanut shells.

Of course this town has a large family in all stages of growth, and of an extremely varied standard of manners, and it is necessary to be patient with many things that try the souls of the considerate. But this practice of throwing newspapers into the street is too much. When one sees the conductor of a surface car gather up all the papers that were left in his car and throw them out into the face of the city of New York, the citizen who remonstrates ought to have means at hand to prove that such conduct is forbidden.

Spitting can be checked and has been checked because there are notices in plain sight forbidding it. Let us have notices announcing that it is contrary to law as well as to order to turn newspapers loose in the street. This habit seems to be growing. It is outrageous and intolerable. Check it, Mr. Mayor. Check it, all officers in authority. It disgraces the town.

DREAMLAND was destroyed the other day; this isn't the first time it has happened.

Postals from Life's Farm

DEAR DEL:

Imma is a good girl she does not cry at all she said I dont care for New York, we get good things to eat and to play. We go out for a walk every day. She is a very good girl.

Mother good-bye

FROM EMMA.

DEAR ANT

We got along all right we are having a fine time. If Magie was up here and anna too they would like the country better then the city we have all we want Good by from

KATIE EGAN.
Life Farm, connecticut.



LIFE'S INVINCIBLES



"TO THE FOURTH!"

Important to Advertisers

This editorial, from the "Daily Mining Gazette," of Houghton, Mich., we reprint for the benefit of all advertisers, and from a sense of duty.

LIFE IS CHEERFUL

TO our notion of real humor a little New York magazine known as LIFE contains the highest grade produced. For years we have been a regular reader of this magazine, and while we admired it in every form we always supposed there was something rather exclusive in our enjoyment. In other words, we always supposed LIFE's circulation rather limited to high class clientele. Our impression as to limitation was changed last week.

Some months ago one of our reporters, in telling of the death of a Calumet person, said that "she was left a widow by the death of her husband." LIFE reprinted that item with an appropriate heading. And we are sure that at least

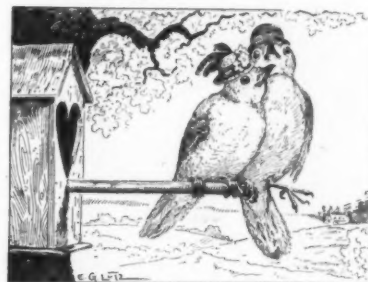
one-half of the subscribers of the *Gazette* also read LIFE and we are also sure that they read every line in LIFE every week, for this item was on a rear page and hidden from view to all except the most curious.

We heard from that item in LIFE from every friend we ever supposed we had and others. It cost quite a few explanations and some cigars. People who didn't know anybody on the force personally called up the office and "kidded" us about it. One fellow in Boston had the nerve to telegraph, collect, requesting us to look on a certain page of LIFE.

We congratulate LIFE on the fun it had out of our ambiguity. We remember once reporting that a "Hancock boy was bitten by a dog in the west end." And the *Gazette* received no end of free notices thereat. It is good to feel that you are noticed, even in the newspaper world. And we wish to congratulate LIFE particularly on its proven

advertising value. The editor of the *Gazette* will furnish affidavits for all advertisers that LIFE may wish to convince

IT'S a long trust that has no crooks.



She: DOES YOU LOVE YOUR 'ITTLE, 'ITTLE, TURTLE DOVE?

"YES, PET, BUT DON'T CROWD ME OFF THE PERCH."

Independence

O H, say! Can you see by the Standard Oil light
 If the silver bowl's filled with the Sugar Trust's sweetness?
 If the cutlet we hailed with such dainty delight
 As the pride of the Beef Trust is cooked to completeness?
 Then we'll sit down and dine; and the Vineyard Combine
 Shall profit to-night from our bottle of wine.
 Oh, say! Does the star-strangled banner still waft
 O'er the land of the trust and the home of the graft?

Let the maid in her gown of some trade-restrained stuff
 On Rubber Trust heels softly serve us our rations;
 And when dinner is done, we'll complacently puff
 Cigars from the largest of all corporations.
 Cigarettes if you will; or a pipe you may fill,
 The result is the same, and the answer is still—
 The star-strangled banner still waves as it must
 O'er the land of the graft and the home of the trust.

When the evening is past and you've banqueted well,
 You shall go when you like to your home—by the trolley,
 Or the subway is there, and the obsolete "L";
 Or a taxi is quicker and sometimes more jolly.
 But to judge from the talk, if you ride in New York
 The Trust gets it anyway—why don't you walk?
 But the star-strangled banner shall wave free and fair
 'Till some merger acquires control of the air.

H. E. Porter.

A BOOK of instructions, recently issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the guidance of workmen on or about the tracks, is printed in nine languages.

And yet there are critics who say that America is not cultured.



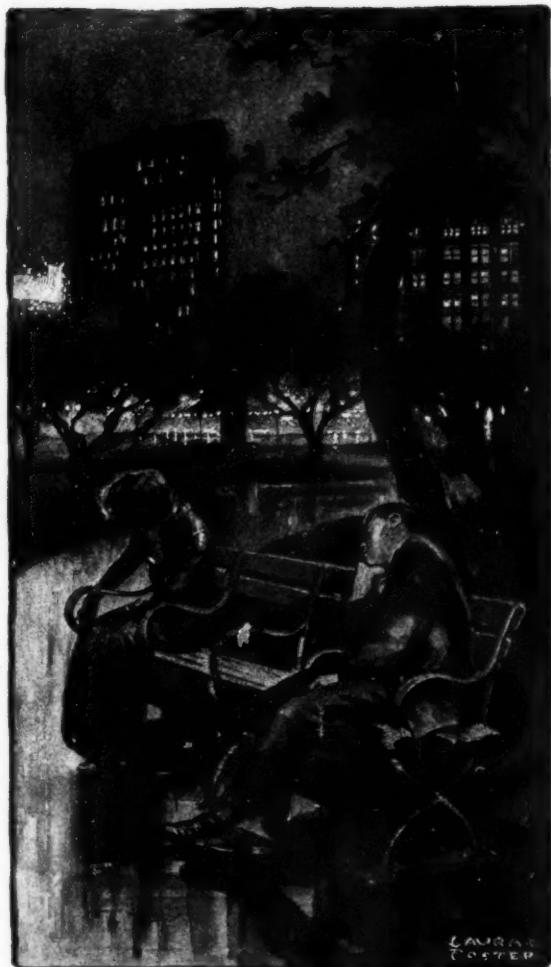
"INTRODUCE ME TO YOUR FRIEND, WILL YOU?"



O gleaming lights of Gotham,
 That gem the city's crown;
 What fortunes lie within you,
 O lights of Gotham Town!

The Late Mrs. Nation

ONE hesitates whether to class the late Carrie Nation as a successor of John Brown or Daniel Pratt. She was an enthusiast like Brown, and a traveler like Pratt, but was much harder stuff than the great American traveler. No conservative observer can praise her judgment, but she had other qualities that are as scarce as judgment. The papers, which printed long notices about her, said she paid off her father's debts and supported her mother-in-law through a protracted old age. She was deeply religious, kind to the afflicted, whether folks or animals, and sincerely opposed to alcoholic beverages. She was also courageous, and that is a great quality, especially in women. If the Methodist Church ever sets up machinery for canonization it will do well to consider Carrie Nation's claim to a limited saintship, not transferable, and valid only in Prohibition States.



O cruel lights of Gotham,
If tears your lights could drown,
Your victims' eyes would weep them,
O lights of Gotham Town!

The Workings of a Great Discovery

DR. FLEXNER, of the Rockefeller Institute, says of cerebro spinal meningitis, that "where 75 per cent. died, now 75 per cent. recover."

The New York City Health Department appears to disagree with the noted vivisector. In its weekly reports it says there were, in Greater New York:

In 1905,	2,670 Cases,	2,025 Deaths,	75.8% Case Fatalities
" 1906,	980 "	813 "	82.9% " "
" 1907,	795 "	652 "	82.1% " "
" 1908,	396 "	359 "	90.6% " "
" 1909,	339 "	330 "	97.3% " "

The anti-meningitis serum was first used in April, 1907.



THE WAY SHE SOMETIMES LOOKS TO US

War

WAR is that condition which is brought about when the eminent statesmen of one nation cannot agree with the eminent statesmen of another nation.

To settle the disagreement it becomes necessary to send men who know nothing of the diplomatic angles of the matter to shoot at each other. Many are killed and many more are wounded, and eventually the war is over, with one side or the other victorious.

And the eminent statesmen—how many of them are slain and wounded?

Bless you! It would not do for them to take part in the wars they arrange. It is necessary that they be spared to conduct the peace negotiations.



"I WANT A COUPLE OF POUNDS OF ER—SAUSAGE, PLEASE, AND ER—OBLIGE ME BY WRAPPING THEM UP TO LOOK LIKE A ER—BUNCH OF VIOLETS."



The Sleepers

In a comfortable building at the corner of Madison Avenue and Madison Square.

Enter a kind-hearted citizen.

"ARE these the offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see the president a moment?"

"He is not in."

"How soon will he be in?"

"I couldn't say."

"Later in the day, perhaps?"

"I couldn't say."

"But what are his usual hours?"

"He hasn't any."

"Nor any usual days?"

"No, sir."

"But look here; this business is important."

"Might I ask what it is?"

"It's a man who lets out horses, and most of them are lame with sore backs or shoulders, or are sick. And they are all unfit to work. It ought to be stopped. Don't you attend to that sort of thing here?"

"Why—er—yes, sometimes; in a way."

"But good heavens, man! Can't you——"

"Not so loud, please!"

"And why not? Are you afraid I'll wake somebody up?"

"Yes. There's a meeting going on upstairs."

"What meeting?"

"Board of Managers."

"Good! I'll lay this case before them."

"Not on your life! They have hardly been asleep an hour."

"Is that what they come here for?"

"As a rule."

"And how about the animals all this time?"

"What animals?"

"Why, the animals that need protection."

"Are there any?"

"There are thousands and thousands right here within reach!"

"Excuse me, sir, but that is impossible. It was less than six months ago that we sent our agent out to see if he could discover any cases of cruelty to animals."

"And what was the result?"

"Oh, he discovered several cases."

"That, you say, was six months ago?"

"Five or six."

"And what happened?"

"Those cases are now being considered by the Board of Managers."

"But the managers are asleep. I hear them snoring."

"They will consider the cases when they wake up. That is, of course, if the president comes in."

"But you don't expect him to-day?"

"No."

"When do you expect him?"

"When he feels like it."

"Thank you. I will tell the animals in need of your services that everything is all right; that the president and directors of this society are comfortable and happy. And to animals in need of help it will be the consolation they most desire. Good day, sir."

Editors of the Future

ALL editors, without exception, find it difficult to get material which is good or even which suits them. It is not necessary to read the magazines in order to find this out. They will readily admit it if you go to them in a kindly spirit and gain their confidence.

But the trouble, so far as the public is concerned, is that editors, failing to get good material, put in the best they can find. This may work for a time, but in the long run it is a fatal policy.

As time goes on, editors will see this more and more, and the wisest of them will act in obvious accordance therewith. They will not look at their publications as so much space to be filled; they will look at their good material and see how far it will go.

As a result, many of the magazines will frequently appear with nothing but advertisements. What a long literary step forward that would be!

DOUBTLESS there are still minds hereabout that need to be disabused of the idea that they can run a bank in their spare time.

IT'S a good Fourth that has no burning.



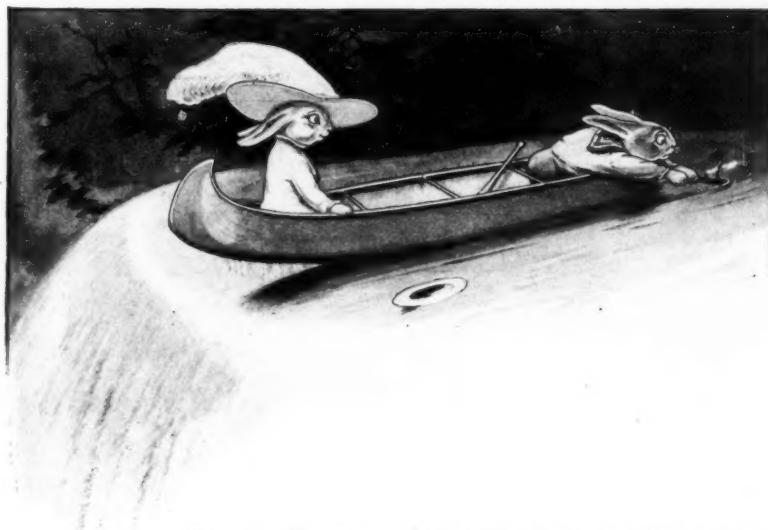
A GENEROUS GIVER

Summing the "Isms"



HAVE dabbled with the "isms"
in an amateurish way,
I've been every sort of fad-
dist that's extant;
I have delved, without apol-
ogy,
In every type of 'ology
From Fletcher back to Schop-
enhauer and Kant;
I've read volumes anarchistic,
Commu-, Nihil-, Social-istic,
I've been Buddhist, Karmist, Druid,
without awe;
I've kept pace with zeal ecstatic,
With each new and strange fanatic,
From Elbertus down to Maeterlinck and
Shaw.
I've a freak vocabulary built of phrases
quite unique,
I have pamphlets that would startle the
police;
My beliefs are apt to vary
From the revolutionary
To the Carnegie idea of armored peace;
I have plunged in dietetics,
And in popular aesthetics,
I've been dreamer, mystic, outlaw—each
in turn;
And the sum of all my labor
Is this gem of wisdom, neighbor,
That the things you get are chiefly those
you earn!

Irving Dillon.



"OH, JACK! YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME HOW YOU LIKED MY NEW
PLUME."

Honeymooners Ahoy!

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau offers some exceptional advantages to all regular customers. All patrons will be glad to learn that the manager is getting married again, in order to be up to date

EVERY husband who reads this, no matter what his age, race or present condition of servitude, will need the help of this bureau at some time in his married life. He may not believe this now, when full of confidence and love and hope, he thinks himself secure; but suddenly out of a clear sky, a crisis is bound to rise, and we therefore urge upon all husbands to register their names with us. This involves no expense, but should be taken as a precaution, for in case anything sudden should happen, it enables us to act immediately. We have already looked you up and found out your rating, and there is none of the disagreeable ceremony of having to wait while we ascertain your financial standing.

We say this, of course, with the full knowledge that it will lead some of our critics to accuse us of mercenary motives, when nothing could be further from our intention. But the fact is that this bureau is founded on business principles. We are obliged to conduct it in

this manner, in justice to our old customers, who have paid and are paying us regularly. We are also getting married again this year ourselves, and, of course, this involves us in extra expense. We make a point of getting married occasionally, in order that we may keep right up to date. We are absolutely forced to do this, otherwise we could not keep track of all the styles in



"WE ALSO ARE GETTING MARRIED AGAIN
THIS YEAR."

women. It goes without saying, however, that our alimony bills are enormous. We pay them cheerfully, looking upon them as one of the ordinary overhead expenses of our business. At the same time it hurts us a little to receive communications like the following:

DEAR SIR:

How do you reconcile the lovely and alluring statement you are making with the fact that you cannot live happily with any woman for more than a couple of years at the outside?
Yours, etc.,

We should properly resent this letter if we had time, but we are just going off on a honeymoon and we cannot do it justice. It is perhaps just as well, however, to state—in addition to what we have already said—that in every instance we have taken a personal interest in seeing to it that our former wives were happily married again. We consider it our duty to do this; inasmuch

· LIFE · Society

MR. and Mrs. Knott Bright returned yesterday on the *Kaiserina Wilhelmina der Grosser*. They had a good passage. Mr. Bright says he wears thicker clothes in winter than in summer.

That was a lovely wedding last week of Miss Paintie Byrne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gottito Byrne, to Mr. E. Paminondas Hollohed. The Rev. Dr. Soapey Chinnor performed the ceremony. Miss Julia Gadding and Miss Pussie Innitt were the bride's attendants.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoney Glare—Mrs. Glare is a daughter of Mr. Pursey Strutt—are visiting the Stilor Nuthens at Lenox. Mrs. Glare was one of the Baltimore Terrapyns.

Among the Newport cottagers in New York last week were Mrs. Billy Muchinprint, Mrs. Emtee Gabber, Mrs. Graiton Klose, and Mrs. Neue Butsolid. Mrs. Neue Butsolid's first husband was one of the Rhode Island Goldengrafts. The Goldengrafts have always been fashionable.



MISS GAUDIE SHARPE

Mr. Orval Manners, of Boston, who is to marry Miss Flootsie Spend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gatheran Spend, of this city, on Wednesday next, gave his farewell bachelor dinner last evening at the Hotel Robb. It was a merry party. Soakley Pinhead and Trowsers Van Guzzle danced a hornpipe on the dinner table.

Miss Gaudie Sharpe, only daughter of the Hon. Stock Sharpe, had a narrow escape last Friday. She spent the entire afternoon at a bridge party, whereas, had she stood on a railway track she might have been killed. Her father is a partner of G. Bluepoint Handorgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Gadd Weeritt will spend the latter part of August at their charming estate, Surplus-on-the-Land.

We have it on good authority that Mr. Loafingwell Kubb is engaged to Miss Emily Tatius, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austen Tatius. It will be a brilliant match. Both are quite talented. Loafingwell himself designs his own dog collars.



WHILE THE BRIDE IS SEEMINGLY UNCONSCIOUS OF THE EXPENDITURE

as we have usually selected young ladies from seventeen to twenty-two, of prepossessing appearance, we have had no difficulty, except, of course, in the first two instances, when the partner of our joys and sorrows was so far advanced in years that about all we could do was to unite the first of them with an aged custom house officer and the second with a retired insurance agent. We shall see to it, however, that no lady who marries us shall ever be in want, and the whole machinery of this office, if need be, will be back of her happiness.

We had not intended to speak of this personal matter, but it gives us a fitting excuse to call attention—authoritatively—to the fact that the honeymoon season is now on hand, and to give to our customers, both old and prospective, without charge, a few simple directions about the conduct of a honeymoon.

Along with other luxuries, the cost of honeymoons has of late years been steadily advancing. There was a time when we could absolutely guarantee a successful honeymoon, with everything complete, for from two to five hundred dollars. Nowadays a thousand is none too much. Owing, however, to special

arrangements we have with leading hotels at Niagara, Washington and other well-known honeymoon centres, we can obtain for those friends who register their names with us a lower rate than charged to outsiders. Please bear in mind this important fact and send in your names at once.

We desire, however, to urge upon every bridegroom the wisdom of economy at this most vital time. It seems singular at a period when the bride is so forgetful of all material things, that



LETTING HER KNOW TOO SOON JUST WHAT HE REALLY IS



Dolls

the bridegroom should permit himself to be so reckless in the use of money. The worst of it is, that while the bride is seemingly unconscious of the expenditure, a little later on, when the unhappy husband tries to get back to normal ways, she is sure to remind him that there *was* a time when he really loved her and didn't seem to care how much he spent on her.

Brothers, go slow! Don't go so far as to make a business of securing an attic bridal chamber at the minimum rate, but be satisfied with a modest room with Southern exposure on the fourth or fifth floor.

Be guarded in your expressions. An occasional "pet" or "darling," if uttered in a dignified manner, will do no harm, but remember that you cannot be expected to run a lovey-dovey marathon race every spring for the rest of your married life.

Cut out all side trips. If you yield to

their seductive charm during the honeymoon you will always be making them.

If, however, you have married a lady of means, spend your own money freely—even recklessly. Later on, when you have to place a necessary loan with her, you will be able to call attention to the fact that while your own lasted you never denied her anything.

Do not write home and tell what a grand time you are having, just because you feel good. Many a man has been handicapped all his life by starting a correspondence with his wife's relatives. They always respect you for your silence.

Don't get nervous and wire us immediately after your first quarrel. But if you run along for six months without any quarrel, better drop us a line. It will help in the future in disposing of your case.

Don't get back home a minute sooner than you had arranged for in the be-

ginning. It may cost you a trip around the world ten years later.

Introduce your bride to your little defects gradually. Remember, there is no hurry. It is better to be natural. Many a husband has hurt himself in his wife's esteem by being over-conscientious in letting her know too soon just what he really is. Always maintain your dignity. When you have been married about twenty-five years—with our help—you can frivel and make a fool of yourself and still keep your wife's respect.

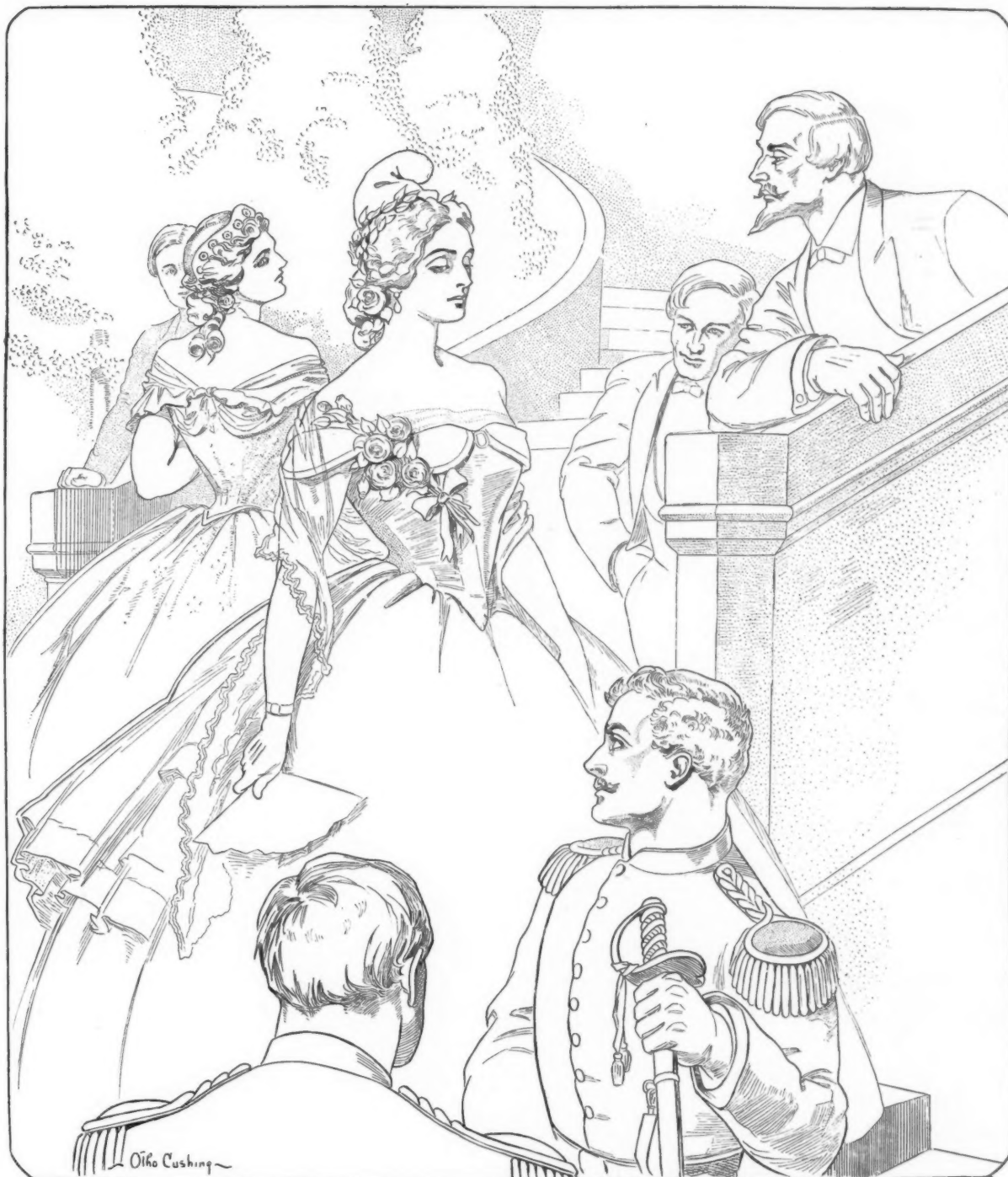
Don't let anybody know that you are on your honeymoon. It always pays to think you are keeping the world guessing.

In the meantime, our office will be temporarily closed for the next six days, as we have decided to give everybody concerned a vacation. In case of any crisis arising during this interval in your family life, remain absolutely passive and wait patiently for our return. HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



No. 9—MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

WHILE ON A TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTHWEST I WAS THE RECIPIENT OF THAT EXTRAVAGANT HOSPITALITY WHICH THE SPANISH-AMERICANS INHERIT FROM CASTILE. IT WAS CARRIED, HOWEVER, TO SUCH A POINT BY A YOUNG CABALLERO NAMED TEXAS, WHO SUGGESTED A UNION WITH ME, THAT HIS MEXICAN FAMILY HAD TO BE "PLACATED" AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET. HAVING PREVAILED OVER THEM, HE JOINED ME OVER THE RIO GRANDE.



No. 10—MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

DURING THE EARLY SIXTIES OF THE PRECEDING CENTURY, A BEAUTY FROM THE SOUTH APPEARED AT THE CAPITOL, WHOSE FASCINATIONS FOUND MANY ADORERS AND BROKE MANY HEARTS. BUT SHE COULD NOT ENDURE BEING SECOND TO ME IN WASHINGTON AND RETIRED HAUGHTILY TO RICHMOND, WHERE SHE HELD UNDISPUTED COURT DURING HER SHORT LIFE. SHE IS REMEMBERED LOVINGLY AS "THE LOST CAUSE."

Water, Water

All Around

ON one of the hottest days in the middle of summer a man got off a train at the Grand Central Station. Seeing the sign of a drug store in the distance, with an immense soda water fountain display, he hurried toward it. Entering, he addressed one of the soda men behind the marble counter, but before he had time to say anything that individual nodded his head in the direction of the cashier's desk.

"Get your check from the cashier."

"All I want is a glass of water."

The soda clerk, with a bored expression on his face, flipped a glass with a swoop into some subterranean depth and deposited it in front of the stranger, who took it, however, gingerly.

"Sorry to trouble you," he said politely, "but I don't want ice water; I never drink it. I just want a glass of plain water."

"Nothing but ice water."

"I am ready to pay for—"

"Don't keep it."

The man strolled across the way to the hotel bar. He leaned up against it—not too familiarly—and said to one of the barkeepers:

"Excuse me, but could I have a glass of water—just plain water—not ice water."

The barkeeper glanced at him superciliously and went on mixing drinks for the score of men waiting.

"Nothing but ice water; give it to you without the ice," he snapped, not unpleasantly. He was acquainted with that individual who wanted to drink nothing but water so long as he had plenty of it, and this phenomenon was not unknown to him, although it was somewhat unusual so late in the day.

"You have water from a faucet—"

"Not allowed to give it to guests. We use only the Pierian Spring—"

The man passed out and wandered abjectly around the streets. He made his way down the avenue until he came to a tall, imposing looking hotel. He dropped inside and sat at one of the restaurant tables. He picked up the bill of fare. The first thing he read was:

"The water used in this hotel is all—"

Then he remembered the name of a friend he knew in the business district. He hurried down to that friend's office. He had to wait some time, but at last he got an audience.

"Before we start to greet each other,



"A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH"

can I have a drink of water," he asked feebly.

"Certainly. There's the ice cooler over there. We use—"

"Excuse me, old fellow. I don't want that kind. Let me explain. For the past year I have been living on a farm. We have a well on this farm that I sunk myself. It manufactures just plain water. Now, I have become used to drinking plain water—just plain water, you understand, without any ice in it, and if you could—"

His friend smiled pityingly, as he shook his head.

"Why, my dear boy," he replied; "if we should get used to drinking such a thing as that in this town, there wouldn't be any business done and the place would vanish off the face of the earth. As long as we can keep people from drinking or knowing about just plain water, we shall continue to exist. Better get back to the farm before you are locked up in the Tombs for being dangerous to society."

Cumulative

LITTLE grains of short weight,
Little crooked twists,
Fill the land with magnates
And philanthropists.

The King and
the Pessimist

THE King was walking through the streets of his capital disguised as a traveler from a distant country. While proceeding along the main thoroughfare of the city, his attention was caught by a man with a peculiarly morose cast of countenance. As the man was going in the same direction as the King, His Majesty soon fell into conversation with him.

The man with the morose cast of countenance was only too ready to entertain one who was evidently a stranger to the city.

But most of his remarks had to do with the histories of men and women whom they passed in the street.

"That man," said the King's companion, "ill-treated his first wife shamefully. It was only last week that he married a second time. I've no doubt that he will treat his second wife as ill as he did the first."

Much more he said in the same vein concerning the peccadilloes of the passersby.

After a considerable number of the townsfolk had been thus pilloried, the King interrupted him, saying: "My friend, you seem to have but a poor opinion of humanity."

"Sir," replied his companion, "I cannot shut my eyes to the evil that is around me."

"Ah!" said the King, with the air of one who has at last made up his mind; "I see you are a very dangerous fellow; I have fixed your execution at the hour of six to-morrow morning."

Worms Ruin Harriman Crop

The entire onion crop of ten acres on the Ramapo River flats of the E. H. Harriman estate has been destroyed by cut worms, the tender sprouts having been cut off as soon as they protruded from the ground. The ground will be immediately prepared for another sowing. The loss sustained will cut off nearly all the profits even if its second crop be a good one.—*The World*, May 24, 1911.

NEVER mind! Never mind! The hat shall be passed. We must all help out the farmers.

Employer's Liability

CREDIT it to the Harvester Trust that it was "the first corporation in the United States voluntarily to adopt an employer's liability system." So says *Collier's*, and says its system works well.

Big business seems to be growing sensible.

In Defense of Cooks

Public protest against the abuse of a much maligned and necessary adjunct to every household

COOKS have been abused for years and years. The suburban cook is represented as continually leaving the house with a bundle in her arms, and her condition has variously been represented as drunk or crazy, according to the humor of the satirist. The joke on the cook has become common property and nobody protests. Public opinion protects other members of society from going beyond a certain line, but inasmuch as periodicals are largely read by women, and inasmuch as the women who read periodicals are merciless when it comes to cooks, no hand is raised in their defense. There is indeed no creature so universally guyed; her intelligence is continually sneered at, her moral character assailed, and, in short, there is nothing in the whole range of human invective from which she is spared. The common butt of humanity, she is practically the only member of society who remains wholly unprotected from attacks. People who consider themselves reservoirs of human kindness and consideration never think of saying a good word for the cook. There are, of course, individual cooks whom we all praise for the time being, but just as soon as they do anything to incur our displeasure we never hesitate to assail them in every way possible. Cooks in general are anathema.

Cooks unhappily are unable to defend themselves. The nature of their work does not fit them for skill in expression, and there is no periodical, so far as we are aware, that is published in their honor. No champion has risen to defend them. The silent victims of gross injustice, they perform the most useful office known to man.

When it is considered what the cook is subjected to—the whim and caprice of the average mistress—and all women are pretty much alike in this respect, the heat of kitchens, the steady drain on the vitality, the unceasing round of drudgery—we cannot but wonder that cooks as a class are so uncomplaining.



"YOU SEE, MADAM, FROM THIS ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH HOW WELL WE ARE ENABLED TO LOCATE THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE."



"HURRY, MARIE! WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE SIGHT-SEEING COACH."

Competition

IT is often heard these days that competition is a thing of the past. With one or two exceptions this is true. Among the more important exceptions may be mentioned the following:

- The competition between producer and consumer,
- The competition between employers and employees,
- The competition between new rich and old rich for social supremacy and vulgar display,
- The competition between newspapers to see which can publish the most trivial matter,
- The competition between organized and unorganized labor for jobs which are too few in number for all,
- The competition between vital literature and ephemeral best sellers,
- The competition between morals and greed to see which shall dominate the lives of the rich,
- The competition between morals and hunger to see which shall dominate the lives of the poor.

YOU can usually tell a thinker by the things that make him silent.

There Are Other Coro



Other Coronations

How It Came About

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Turnster started off to Europe on their honeymoon, they expected to be away only for the conventional three months, but they shortly became so imbued with the spirit of travel, they got along so well together and they enjoyed themselves so much that they had kept on and on. They avoided the beaten tracks, took in the odd corners, rarely saw the papers or learned the news, and so years and years passed by.

Until one day the thought of home possessed them and they journeyed back to New York.

As they landed at the dock they were met by a pleasant-faced official, who inquired solicitously if he could do anything for them. He was a Government official, and the word "Welcome" was emblazoned in gold letters on his cap.

"Are you a custom house officer?" asked Mr. Turnster suspiciously.

"No, indeed. There is no custom house any more, the tariff having been abolished and the income tax having taken its place. The change was made, not only for practical reasons, but it was thought that a uniform spirit of courtesy from the Government toward its people, instead of the former insulting methods, would be better to raise our civic standards. I am here to welcome and to assist you in every way."

Mr. and Mrs. Turnster were directed to a moving sidewalk, on which were placed comfortable chairs, each with its individual awning, and thus proceeded uptown.

On their way they passed through the region which had formerly been the slums.

"Where are all the tenements?" inquired Mr. Turnster curiously of a tall, well-proportioned news boy.

"They have all disappeared, sir," replied the boy, "as it was found they were unnecessary. You see, there was plenty for all just as soon as we regulated the law of supply and demand. We did this by forbidding the excessive production of certain necessities in order to give certain obsolete magnates an opportunity to corner the markets, and by creating new forms of energy, so that every honest workman who really wanted work was supplied with it. Then the magnates all disappeared and everybody had a chance."

"You seem very well informed for one so young."

"Not at all, sir. It was discovered that the whole body of knowledge was really very simple as soon as all the colleges were abolished and our problems were defined by a few plain people on a common-sense basis."

After they had arrived at their hotel, Mrs. Turnster was waited upon by a pleasant lady, who introduced herself as the manager of an employment agency.

"I shall be glad to open up your house, make all of the necessary arrangements and supply you with what companions you need," she smiled.

"Companions! You mean—"

"I believe they were formerly called 'servants,' but that word has gone out, as it did not tend toward self-respect."

"I suppose I should like a cook, but how do I know that you will have a good one?"

"All our cooks are good, for they have been specially trained for that purpose and regard their profession as one of the highest dignity."

"What do you charge for the service?"

"Nothing; besides, we do not regard it as a service. You see the tax—a word, by the way, which has been superseded by the word 'share'—is arranged for by the value of land, and as each one's income is the same, we arrange all of our expenditures on a mutual basis."

"But how could you all agree?"

"Quite easy, when you know the process. For example, we began first by omitting all of the superfluous things. You will notice that there is no more advertising. It is not now necessary, as there is no competition. All the energy that went into the exploitation of articles and services was thus saved for better things. I am not engaged in my present occupation because I am trying to make money out of it, but because I have a natural liking for this work and regard it as an art. I endeavor by fitting up your home and arranging all the details, to make you happy; you, in your turn, will soon find means to express your individual talents in some manner pleasing to yourself."

"But is there no more struggle?" broke in Mr. Turnster. "Why, there must be, my dear madam, otherwise how can anyone develop?"

"Certainly there is struggle—and of the most intense kind. But it consists

not in trying your best to gather for yourself a lot of useless things at the expense of others, but in striving to attain the highest perfection in your own sphere. And when this was tried first as an experiment, it was astonishing to find how much variety of talent everyone had, so that all the work—no matter how menial it had seemed—was readily done."

Having made their arrangements to go to their home after it was properly equipped, Mr. and Mrs. Turnster strolled up to the news stand, where they bought a paper. They inquired for a magazine, but were informed smilingly that there were no more magazines, as the necessity had long since passed, all the plots for short stories having been written and there being no abuses to write about and no advertising. Mr. Turnster looked over the daily paper—of which there was but one—and discovered to his amazement that the articles were all about leading events in the world's history. Part of the front page was taken up by the President's message, which was not over half a column, and written in such simple English that anyone could understand and take pleasure in it.

"I see no crimes chronicled," said Mr. Turnster to the news agent. "Aren't they committed any more?"

"To some extent I believe, sir," replied the agent. "But you see it was discovered that they were fostered by being written about. As soon as no attention was paid to them and they began to be ignored, people became tired of committing them, there being no object in doing it. Strange, isn't it, that nobody had thought of that idea before; it seems now so evident?"

Mrs. Turnster thought she would like a copy of *LIFE*, and, obtaining it, exclaimed as she looked it over:

"Why!" she cried, "this periodical used to be serious, but this number is a humorous number."

"Every number is now a humorous number," explained the agent gently. "When the conditions were as they used to be, *LIFE* tried its best to be humorous each week, but simply couldn't do it; now, however, it is perfectly easy."

Mr. Turnster reflected for some time in silence. Then he said emphatically:

"Well! Well! Now I know the millennium is here!"

T. L. M.



QUALIFIED TO JOIN
THIS LADY HAS BEEN IN JAIL TWENTY TIMES

Once More The Civil War

Miss Mary Johnson writes a historical novel, in which Stonewall Jackson is brought back to life—Poor Lafcadio Hearn! Books are still being written about him. Geometrical fiction.

"THE LONG ROLL" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.40), Mary Johnson's panoramic novel of the Civil War, is a work so big in its intentions, so stirring in its approximate realization of its author's purpose, and yet so frequently obtrusive of the seams in the canvas and of what one may call its mechanism of illusion, that it would be necessary to get a good deal further away from a reading of it than a reviewer is ever professionally allowed to get from a work of current fiction, before the balance of power between its defects and its qualities can be adequately estimated.

There is this radical difference between a circular panoramic painting and a panoramic historical novel. In the painting the foreground is real and the background is make-believe, while in the novel it is the foreground that is fiction and the background that is history. In both, the success of the illusion depends upon concealing the line of cleavage; but the novelist, especially when his real purpose is the interpretative presentation of history, labors under an obvious disadvantage. Miss Johnson's actual theme is the career of Stonewall Jackson and the birth, adolescence and splendid maturity of the patriotic spirit of the militant South. Her fictional foreground is, of necessity, subordinated



Harry: WHY THE STRING AROUND YOUR FINGER?

Cliff: JUST TO REMIND ME TO SEE THE DENTIST.

to her larger purpose. But until the larger purpose is made manifest by the cumulative effect of her successive pictures, its inadequacy as fiction is dishearteningly evident. And one is constantly conscious, moreover, of the line of demarcation between the fictional and the historical portions of her work. Yet in the end the purpose triumphs. And to carry away from a closed book a vivid sense of almost personal participation in an historical drama; to have been made to feel that in all but bodily presence one had gazed upon the horrors of battle, watched a hundred thousand human units forged into the tempered weapon of a veteran army, and seen the soul of a people emerge, materialized, from the dark cabinet of adversity, is an experience that, like charity, covers a multitude of technical sins.

IT has sometimes occurred to me that it would be a convenient thing if a book reviewer could be fitted out with some system of signals that should correspond to the colored lamps of the railroad semaphores which display a white light for "track clear; full speed ahead," a red one to signify "Stop! Danger in front," and a green one to order "Proceed cautiously, under control." If such a system were in use I would place a green disk opposite a small volume recently published in this country (it was printed in Japan) by Mitchell Kennerley and called "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan." For it is one of those inchoate and inconsecutive compilations that offer to eclectic and constructively-minded readers much raw material for the forming of individual judgment, but would yield little nourishment and less enjoyment to others who need to receive their biographical opinions ready cooked. The book is edited by Yone Noguchi, a member of the faculty of the Keio University of Tokyo, and contains his own impressions and recollections of Hearn, together with Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences and several papers by Hearn's former students and friends. It gives us what we have frequently felt the lack of, a glimpse of this fascinating yet baffling figure from



THE FIRST ONE IN

the point of view of that alien race he did so much to make intelligible to us.

NINE-TENTHS of the drama and a good half of the fiction of the day is of the geometrical variety. Given two sides and the included angle of a social triangle, find the length of the other side. Dolf Wyllarde's novel, "The Riding Master" (John Lane, \$1.50), is a variant of this problem, ingenious enough in construction to allow six characters (three men and three women) to form a triple triangularity and to make a sufficient portion of the figure fall inside the tanbark circle of a London riding academy to make the riding master a silent witness of the play and to give the author a chance to write about horses. In exceptional cases these Euclidean fictions are a useful device for the study of human nature. In clumsy hands they are an offense. For the rest, like solitaire, they are a means of killing time. "The Riding Master" will pass muster as a fair game of "Patience" played with three packs.

J. B. Kerfoot.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

Across South America, by Hiram Bingham. From Buenos Ayres to Lima through the one-time land of the Incas.

A Tenderfoot with Peary, by George Borup. Life in the arctic graphically described in campus-English by a Yale athlete.

Brasenhead the Great, by Maurice Hewlett. Four adventures from the life of a Falstaffian soldier of fortune of the fifteenth century.

Demeter's Daughter, by Eden Phillpotts. The tale of a grim struggle against odds in the life of an indomitable woman of Dartmoor.

The Dweller on the Threshold, by Robert Hichens. The uncanny developments of a psychic experiment in the lives of two clergymen. A Poe-like idea unskillfully handled.

Essays on Russian Novelists, by William Lyon Phelps. Interesting papers on "The Russian Character in Fiction" and on the chief writers of modern Russia.

The Long Roll, by Mary Johnson. See above.

The Legacy, by Marv S. Watts. Another novel of life in the Middle West (this time in the nineties) by the author of "Nathan Burke" and "The Tenants."



THEIR ATTRACTIVE MOTHER

Penelope: HE'S BEEN AWFULLY NICE TO ME ALL SUMMER.

Gladys: AND TO ME, TOO.

Maude: NO NICER THAN HE'S BEEN TO ME.

Penelope: AND HE INQUIRED IF I MINDED IF HE ASKED MAMA.

Gladys: HE ASKED ME THAT, TOO.

Maude: THAT'S NO MORE THAN HE ASKED ME.

Penelope: AND I SAID HE MIGHT.

Gladys: AND I SAID SO, TOO.

Maude: NO OBJECTION FROM ME.

ALL: And now he's proposing to her.

The Ambiguous A.B.

ARNOLD BENNETT insists that old women make the most satisfactory characters in fiction, although he does not say whether he means to the author, who gets the royalties, or to the reader, who pays them. Or is he currying favor with the women who want to vote?

European Disease Called Americans

THE Bey, who has never before left Tunis, means to pay an official visit to the French President in the near future. The Tunisians hate to let the Bey go to Paris, as they fear he will return vulgarized by contact with rich Americans.

Oriental

ABBAS II., Khedive of Egypt, is growing very fat, a circumstance the more noticeable because His Highness is so short. His physical condition makes him unpopular with his subjects, who see in it evidence that he apes the English. They were the first to fatten on the country.

Cardinal Gibbons Condemns Public Schools

Which seems to one correspondent much like
the Roman Church showing its teeth—Other
interesting letters from Life's readers

Educational

DEAR SIR:

At last the Roman Church feels itself strong enough to show its teeth to the American people. In a prearranged interview (as a feeler) between Cardinal Gibbons and his subsidized press, Sunday, May 28, Gibbons condemns as utterly worthless our public schools.

In his opinion they are "godless" and "breeders of immorality," and he claims that our only hope as a nation lies in our agreeing to adopt his parochial school system, so wonderfully successful in keeping ignorance from being eradicated and humanity from becoming united.

France, after hundreds of years of strife and bloodshed, at last succeeded in abolishing these hateful denominational schools, and Italy, Spain and Portugal find it a matter of self-preservation to follow France's lead.

In the face of such overwhelming evidence against the pernicious denominational school system, can a man be considered a patriot who asks us seriously to submit to such an evil?

America's slogan is "Union," and any man, or group of men, advocating "separation" (and they are to-day of the same cult as were those in 1861), are traitors to our country and deserve to be dealt with accordingly.

Very sincerely,

LUTHER B. MARTIN.

Of Course

EDITOR OF LIFE,

DEAR SIR:

If the party who suggests in the "College Number" that you have a "funny number, as you should," really feels the need of such an edition, please arrange to issue one especially for him. The thousands of LIFE's regular readers would be more than disappointed with any other blend of humor, satire and current comment than they now get.

LIFE is good because it is true, and any deviation from its present standard

would destroy its identity as a magazine of the first magnitude.

Sincerely yours,

R. G. A.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., May 25, 1911.

A Protest from Florida

DEAR EDITOR:

In the Book Number of LIFE, published the second week in June, there is an article entitled "Oysters and Children," written by a New Yorker who seems to think he knows something about child labor in Florida. I will admit that children in Florida work from seven on up, not down, as stated by the New Yorker, also that our child labor bill was killed. But I want to deny the fact that there is a single community in our State that is without a church or a schoolhouse or where a newspaper is not sent. I can prove that there is a newspaper sent to every "stop," whether flag station or a division headquarters; also, there are churches, whether 20 x 30 meeting houses or massive cathedrals. Schools the same. Yes, we have people in our woods that don't take advantage of them, some even so ignorant that they would run from bicycles. We had those years ago, but some of those who did take advantage of those opportunities are now running over bicycles in their high-powered honk-honks.

In winding up his article, the man from New York, he said: "How is this for the other side of Palm Beach?" There is not a single church or school in Palm Beach; there also is no oyster packing houses; the fact is, Palm Beach is composed of two wooden hotels and a couple of miles of other homes almost as beautiful. Palm Beach is Balm Beach about four months in the year and after that everything is nailed up until next season.

But just across Lake Worth, on whose surface some of the motor boat speed records of the world have been made, is a place called West Palm Beach; every denomination is represented, the school system is modern and two news-

papers are published; news-stands everywhere, with papers from your home.

I am really sorry, Mr. New Yorker, that you did not remember seeing these things while enjoying your Florida trip. When you come again next year please look me up.

Respectfully yours,

ERNEST W. TYLER.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., June 9, 1911.

To Be Referred

LIFE PUBLISHING Co.,

DEAR SIRS:

In your issue of May 18, you quote the birth and death rate in the Mormon Church during 1910, and end by commending it to the thoughtful consideration of the Sage of Oyster Bay. Over a little further you give an account of a woman who is ill, with six children to support, whose husband, a mechanic, earns \$16.00 per week when he can find work to do (which is probably six months in the year). I might suggest that you also refer this case to the "strenuous one," as it might have some bearing on his argument with regard to race decadence, which he is so fond of handing out to the American public.

Yours very truly,

J. W. AUSTIN.

GLOBE, ARIZ., May 23, 1911.

NO man can be happy in a South American republic unless he is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.



TRACKING A DEAR



NOW THE POLO GIRL

Life's Family Album

Otho Cushing



FROM Mount Olympus to New Rochelle is not so far as one might suppose. The truth is that Mr. Otho Cushing maintains a private Mount Olympus of his own near his studio in the latter place. All the gods and goddesses are well cared for and lead happy and careless lives, absolved as they are from their ancient responsibilities. Indeed, about all they have to do is to pose and utter modern witticisms.

Madison Square Garden

IT is several weeks since announcement was made of the sale of Madison Square Garden, and not yet has the suggestion perceptibly been offered that the building and tower be transferred to Central Park.

This is a surprising omission. It is evident that the Garden (so-called) is a suitable adjunct to metropolitan life and is besides consecrated by a thousand precious memories of things that have happened there. There Bryan spoke; there Bourke Cockran spoke both ways at various times, and always with splendid value. There for a generation the horse show, the Wild West show and the circus have softened our civilization,

Mr. Cushing explained all about it when we dropped down upon him.

"You see," he said, "I extended an invitation to them all, and while I could offer them only the humble quarters of a model, they were glad to come. 'Things are not what they were,' said Vulcan with a sigh. 'Modern gasoline engines have taken the place of the old style forge.' And so, on the whole, they seem to be fairly well contented."

He led me out to the private Mount. And it was not until then that we realized how perfectly Mr. Cushing drew his figures.

"You were born?" we asked politely.

"At an army post. My father fought for the Union and my mother was on the other side. In my boyhood I was hurried from post to post, from North Carolina to Alaska."

"And you studied?"

"First in Boston at the Art Museum and later at the Académie Julien, under Constant and Laurens."

"When did you begin to develop your interesting and individual style?"

"In Paris. It is really quite simple if—"

"One knows how. What is your formula?"

"I should say about as follows:

"First—Copy a figure of Praxiteles.

"Second—Hint over this a few modern clothes.

"Third—Put a joke under it so historic in its nuances that the modern reader is amused by the contrast—it is all quite easy."

It certainly seems easy as Mr. Cushing describes it, but—try it and see!

and annual French balls and other balls have instructed our youth. When Dowie came to New York he came there; if we had a big convention in New York we would have it there.

There is no doubt at all that the city needs that Garden for extraordinary civic uses. It should do its part as a city to keep it where it is and largely as it is, and that part would naturally be, if not to buy it, at least to remit taxation of it. Considering the amount of property that goes untaxed in New York and weighing the average civic usefulness of that property against the average civic usefulness of the Madison Square Garden, it is absurd not to exempt the Garden from taxation if that would save it to the city.

The Reply Disdainful

DURING a revival meeting in a Methodist church near Cincinnati a number of converts were secured, and several of them requested that instead of sprinkling they be baptized by immersion.

The Methodist church was provided with a baptismal font, but not with a pool, immersions being infrequent among its accessions to membership. So one of the deacons, anxious that the new members should not be disappointed in their wholly laudable desire to be immersed, constituted himself a committee to call upon the ruling spirit of the Baptist church—not the pastor, but a rather haughty gentleman who held the Methodists in small favor, and who was slightly jealous of the success of their revival. The deacon explained the circumstances to this pillar and asked as a favor that the Methodist converts might be immersed in the Baptist pool.

"What? Immerse Methodists in our pool?" ejaculated the Baptist leader.

"Certainly. We would appreciate the kindness very much, and—"

"Well, you go back and tell your church that our church isn't taking in any washing!"

EDWARD HARRIGAN is dead. Beginning thirty-five years ago, he did a great deal to promote cheerful spirits in New York. His plays and his songs—the Mulligan Guards series, and its successors, to which Dave Braham wrote the music—were as wholesome in their gayety, even though not so finished in their art as the products of Gilbert and Sullivan, and in the late seventies and the eighties they had great success among simple seekers after tuneless relaxation. Not many American playwrights have set their mark so deep on their generation as Edward Harrigan did.

Clouds

VISCOUNT HALDANE, British War Minister, is a deep student of metaphysics. His translation of Schopenhauer is much admired, and it is inferred that he could put even a decision of the United States Supreme Court into plain English.

MRS. LOUDTONE: John, do you think a scarlet hat would be too much for me?

HUSBAND: I don't know. I've never heard you in one.

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Or, if you do not care to transfer it from one car to another, it can always be sold second hand for *half to two-thirds what you paid for it*, irrespective of age or how many miles it has indicated. There is a brisk demand for second-hand *Warners*. Every *Warner* ever made (except a few destroyed in fire or accident) is giving perfect service on *some* car.

* * *

The Speed Indicator is the most-looked-at thing on an automobile. The driver refers to it constantly every instant the car is in motion.

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It is common knowledge among Motorists and Laymen that the Warner is the *Highest-Quality* Speed Indicator and that it is used on the *best* cars.

Therefore, if the car carries a Warner on the dash, they unhesitatingly brand that car as *Good*. If it is an inferior and unreliable Speed Indicator, the Quality of the car is open to

suspicion in their minds. Our Branch Managers and Salesmen in every important city report having many times heard people on the sidewalk, who have stopped beside a car, say in almost the same words:

"I do not see the name of the car, but it *must* be a good one for it has a Warner Auto-Meter on it."

* * *

Now for the other side of the story:

One of our officials who stopped to admire a "classy" looking car in front of the Chicago Athletic Club a few weeks ago, found two Postal Telegraph boys likewise admiring it. As he approached, one was saying to the other:

"It's a classy boat all right, but gee! the guy't owns it must be a cheap skate—look at de Speed Indicator. Me brudder trun one like dat off his motor bike."

* * *

We are stating facts when we say that the Quality *Warner* is accepted by the General Public as a *reliable index* of the *Quality* of the *car* which carries it on the dash.

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New Model M2, \$125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest-grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large-figure odometer.

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This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.





The Way of the Transgressor

When Miss Cheney, one of the popular teachers in the Swarthmore schools, had to deal with a boy who played "hookey," she failed to impress him with the evil of his ways.

"Don't you know what becomes of little boys who stay away from school to play baseball?" asked Miss Cheney.

"Yessum," replied the lad promptly. "Some of 'em gits to be good players and pitch in the big leagues."

—Philadelphia Times.

Shifting the Blame

An Indiana assessor had trouble getting people to list dogs for taxes.

"Got a dawg?" he asked

"No," was the answer.

"Well, I'll 'sess you one anyway—not my fault if hain't got any—plenty of dawgs."—Success.

"PARTY gowns will be cut lower in the back this year."

"Is that so? Then we'll have to make our belts narrower."

—Toledo Blade.



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SOON BE NEEDED

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Subscription Department

LIFE 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

Rhymed Reviews

Keeping Up with Lizzie

(By Irving Bacheller. Harper & Brothers)

This here's a Parable, a Tract
To teach a wasteful, spendthrift Nation

That Want and all our woes, in fact,
Are due to Snobbish Emulation

It paints a town where every man
And family grew fairly dizzy
With wild extravagance, and ran
In debt, through Keeping Up With Lizzie.

For Lizzie'd been to boardin' school
(At twenty thousand cents per quarter),
Where how to spend, an' how to fool
Her time was all they taught her

She came back home a blazin' star,
An' kep' her pa a-scratchin' gravel;
She had to have her tourin' car,
Her parquet floors, her foreign travel.

Then everybody bought machines
By mortgagin' their homes to get 'em,
An' splurged an' lived beyond their means
To hold the pace that Lizzie set 'em.

Now Lizzie's pa, he kep' a store
For sellin' coffee, tea an' spices;

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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And, as he found he needed more
For Lizzie's fads, he boosted prices.

Then everybody took the cue,
The cost of livin' upward sending
With bills that grew an' grew an' grew
To squeeze the cash for reckless spending.

But folks can't flourish overlong
By merely bleeding one another,
So Credit soon was far from strong;
The loads of debt began to smother.

When Lizzie learned how matters lay—
That Ruin threatened friends and neighbors,
She led a march the other way;
She turned from Waste to household labors.

An' now—why, every man an' wife
An' boy an' girl in town are busy
Developin' the Simple Life
By way of Keeping Up With Lizzie.

Arthur Guiterman.

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Boston, Mass.

The Easiest Way

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, wouldn't let Frances Starr play in that city in Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way"

The young lady had a conference with the Mayor about it. The Mayor was firm.

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said Miss Starr, "next year I'll come back with a play you can't object to."

"We shall be glad to see you, Miss Starr," said the Mayor. "What will that play be?"

"Why, I am going to have that book, 'How to Know the Wild Flowers,' dramatized."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"I NEVER judge a woman by her clothes," observed Bilkins. "No," put in Mrs. B. sarcastically, "a man who gets to as many burlesque shows as you do wouldn't."—*Milwaukee News*.

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—*Harper's Weekly*.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



So Sudden

She had not dreamed he would propose
And this is her confession:

She bore up bravely to the close,

Then lost her self-possession.

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Why He Went

"Why did you come to college, any-
way? You are not studying," said the
Professor.

"Well," said Willie, "I don't know
exactly myself. Mother says it is to fit
me for the Presidency; Uncle Bill, to
sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum
for her to marry, and Pa, to bankrupt
the family."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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of Bridge Accessories.
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Uncommon Sense

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day, with a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place.

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More Poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."—*Everybody's*.

The Principal Occupation

"A good turkey dinner and mince pie," said a well-known after-dinner orator, "always put us in a lethargic mood—makes us feel, in fact, like the natives of Nola Chucky. In Nola Chucky one day I said to a man:

"What is the principal occupation of this town?"

"Wall, boss," the man answered, yawning, "in winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follers the sun around to the west, and in summer they sets on the west side and follers the shade around to the east."

—*Washington Star*.

GLADYS: The manager at the Frivolity selected twenty chorus girls in twenty minutes.

TOTTY: My word! Isn't he quick at figures?—*Variety Life*.

He (tired of dodging): Would you marry a one-eyed man?

SHE: Good gracious, no!

HE: Then let me carry your umbrella.

—*Boston Transcript*.

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Figured the Wrong Way

"Two old salts who had spent most of their lives on fishing smacks had an argument one day as to which was the better mathematician," said George C. Wiedenmayer the other day. "Finally the captain of their ship proposed the following problem which each would try to work out: 'If a fishing crew caught 500 pounds of cod and brought their catch to port and sold it at 6 cents a pound, how much would they receive for the fish?'"

"Well, the two old fellows got to

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I-M

work, but neither seemed able to master the intricacies of the deal in fish, and were unable to get any answer.

"At last old Bill turned to the captain and asked him to repeat the problem. The captain started off: 'If a fishing crew caught 500 pounds of cod and—'"

"Wait a moment," said Bill, "is it codfish they caught?"

"Yep," said the captain.

"Darn it all," said Bill. "No wonder I couldn't get an answer. Here I've been figuring on salmon all the time."

—Newark Star.



"WHAT'S BILLY MOSQUITO SO STUCK UP ABOUT?"
"WON THE MEDAL AT THE ROUGH-RIDING CONTEST. STAYED WITH HIS MAN FOR EIGHT MINUTES."



Sparks From Old Anvils



The Ethics of Bran

I AM sometimes lost in delight as I read the confident and generous directions of some man who has solved the problem of correct living and given his gospel to the world. How much better than any imagined millennium will that be when we comfort all our vile bodies to his body; what a sweet uniformity when we will all eat and drink and sleep and dress and exercise exactly as he has found it best for him? The process of natural selection has been carried quite far enough. Let us be of one mind and one diet; bran of one bran, flesh of one flesh. We shall all go to bed at one hour, and that right early—except the editors of morning journals, who will have a dispensation to die early. We shall all rise, like a bed of crocuses in spring, at a very early hour, and all together. Sickness will not excuse us, for there will be no excuse for sickness. At the same moment, we shall all be engaged in taking an air bath, a plunge bath, a sponge bath, a dry rub; and then dressing, according to a tabular set of figures, furnished by the central authority, showing the proper weight of each garment, according to the temperature indicated by the thermometer, we shall all take a brisk walk of eleven minutes. We shall all saw wood for half an hour, if we have no lifting-machine, and then sit down to breakfast, to consist of half a pint of filtered water (free of all animal substances) and two-quarters of a dried apple, or any other fruit in season, to be eaten with the utmost cheerfulness, and even with a little moderate hilarity. A dried apple without hilarity is to be avoided. After breakfast we are to go to our various occupations with a clear mind and an elastic frame. By twelve o'clock we shall be quite ready for dinner. This meal is to be varied every day in the week—different kinds of bran-bread, different kinds of cracked wheat, different kinds of dried apples and other sorts of fruit that do not contain a certain kind of acid which is hostile to the standard stomach of the reformer whom we follow, to be eaten with a great deal of merriment (no matter who has died or who has gone into bankruptcy), to be eaten in large quantities. In fact, we are to eat all we want at this king meal, with one restriction. We are to leave all hungry and extremely hilarious. The dinner is to cost not over eight cents, except you dine with a friend, and he pays the bill, in which case you may take sugar on your fruit. After dinner you may take a siesta of twenty minutes and a nap in your chair, but do not lie down, and sleep with your mouth shut in fly-time, for animal food is absolutely prohibited. These directions may seem unimportant, but nothing is trivial to an immortal man, as you will feel when you go to your business with a springing step, a sparkling eye, glowing cheeks, fire in every limb, exultant blood in every muscle and the consciousness that you have no butcher's bill, or milkman's, that you owe no man a dollar, and can keep all the commandments just as easy as you can wink. As you walk along the street you occasion-

ally jump into the air four or five feet or leap over the boundary fence and back and laugh aloud. At supper it is best for you to eat nothing, excepting your own cheerfulness. But if Nature will have something, try a little brown bread, raised without yeast, slowly masticating it, thinking about butter and being careful to call up no image of excessive laughter, for this is the time to begin to tranquilize the mind and prepare for self-satisfied slumber.

Of course, it must be understood that all you eat must be carefully weighed. This not only guards against excess, but it induces a careful and methodical habit of mind. When you go out to dinner you will carry your scales with you and weigh your own food at the table. It is important to notice that beans, uncontaminated by pork, may be eaten on Sundays and the Fourth of July.—Charles Dudley Warner.

Horace Porter on New England

I have acquired some useful experience in attending New England society dinners in various cities. I dine with New Englanders in Boston; the rejoicing is marked, but not aggressive. I dine with them in New York; the hilarity and cheer of mind are increased in large degree. I dine with them in Philadelphia; the joy is unconfined, and measured neither by metes nor bounds. Indeed, it has become patent to the most casual observer that the further New Englander finds himself from New England the more hilarious is his rejoicing. Whenever we find a son of New England who has passed beyond the borders of his own section, who has stepped out into the damp, cold fog of a benighted outside world and has brought up in another State, he seems to take more pride than ever in his descent—doubtless because he feels that it has been so great.—*Extract from a Speech.*

The only thing that has been taught successfully to women is to wear becomingly the fig-leaf they received from their first mother. Everything that is said and repeated for the first eighteen or twenty years of a woman's life is reduced to this: "My daughter, take care that your fig-leaf becomes you"; "your fig-leaf does not become you."—Diderot.

What is a philosopher? One who opposes nature to law, reason to usage, conscience to opinion and his judgment to error.—Chamfort.

That two men may be real friends, they must have opposite opinions, similar principles and different loves and hatreds.—Chateaubriand.

The stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but which avenges wrongs as slyly as the slave does.—E. Souvestre.



Laborer: AND HAV THEY TALL BUILDINGS IN AMERICA, PAT?

Pat: TALL BUILDINGS HAV THEY—FAITH, MIKE, THE LAST ONE I WORKED ON WE HAD TO LAY ON OUR STOMACHS TO LET THE MOON PASS.

Breezy Description of Long Branch

(By Josh Billings)

Long Branch iz a work ov natur, and iz a good job. It iz a summer spot for men, wimmin and children, especially the latter. Children are az plenty here, and az sweet az flowers in an outdoor gardin. I put up at the Oshun Hotel the last time i was thare, and I put up more than I ought to. Mi wife puts up a good deal with me at the same hotel; it iz an old-fashioned way we have ov doing things. She always goes with me, to fashionable resorts, whare young widows are enny ways plenty, to put me on mi guard,

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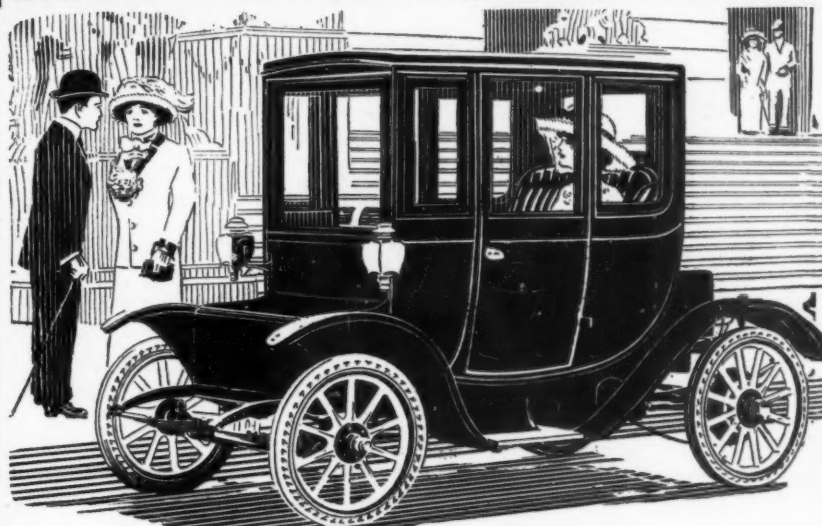
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for i am one of the easiest creatures en rekord to be imposed upon, especially bi young widders. I would like to see a young widder, or even an old one, git the start ov me, when mi wife iz around.

The biggest thing they hav got at Long Branch, for the present, iz the pool ov water in front ov the hotels. This pool iz sed bi good judges to be 3,000 miles in length, and in sum places 5 miles thick. Into this pool, every day at ten o'clock, the folks all retire, males, females and widders, promiskuss. The scenery here iz grand, and the air iz az bracing az a milk punch. Drinks are reasonable here, especially out ov the pool, and the last touch ov civilizashun haz reached here also, sum enterprizing mishionary haz just opened a klub house, whare all kind ov gambling iz taught.

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Stout people can reduce their weight at will. They can reduce the hips, the arms or the waist to the desired lines. They can reduce double chin or the roll of fat at the back of the neck. They can acquire the slim, trim figure of youth. They can remould the form as desired by the use of

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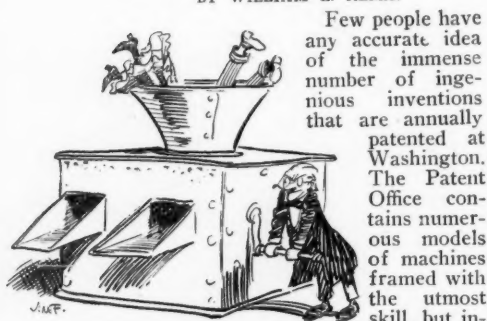
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An Unnecessary Invention

BY WILLIAM L. ALDEN



Few people have any accurate idea of the immense number of ingenious inventions that are annually patented at Washington. The Patent Office contains numerous models of machines framed with the utmost skill, but intended for purposes for which no man will ever desire to employ them, or which are hostile to the best interests of the community. We may admire the ingenuity of these machines, but at the same time we must regret that the inventors have wasted or perverted their abilities.

It is to this latter class of inventions that the recently patented "Smith Rolling and Crushing Machine" undoubtedly belongs—unless, indeed, the nature and object of the invention have been grossly misrepresented. As its name implies, it is obviously intended for diminishing the number of Smiths. It is understood that it consists of a series of heavy rollers, resembling those by which iron plates are rolled, and also of a pair of gigantic grindstones of novel pattern and enormous power, the whole being set in motion by a twelve-horse-power engine. Its method of operation is at once simple and effective. The operator takes a Smith of any size, and, adjusting the gear of the rollers to the exact width to which it is desired to roll the Smith, gently inserts its head between the rollers. The machine is then set in motion, and in the brief space of fifty-eight seconds the Smith is rolled to any desirable degree of thinness. If a Smith is to be crushed he is placed in a hopper communicating with the grindstones, and after a rapid trituration, varying from two minutes to five minutes, according to the size and toughness of the Smith, he is reduced to a fine and evenly ground powder, in which such foreign substances as buttons or shirt-studs can be detected only by the most delicate chemical tests. The inventor, so it is said, claims that by a very simple mechanical attachment the machine can be made to roll or crush Smythes and Schmidts with equal efficiency, and he is confident that the general principle underlying his invention can be applied to Brown-crushing or Robinson-rolling machines.

Now we may fully appreciate the ingenuity displayed in the conception of the Smith roller and crusher, and the skill with which that conception has

been embodied in iron and grindstones. A grave objection, however, can be urged against the invention, and that is that there is no evidence of any existing demand for such a machine. That there is a large quantity of Smiths, not to speak of Smythes and Schmidts, in this country, is undeniable. There is, however, no proof that the volume of Smiths is more than commensurate with the necessities of business. It may be conceded that, at certain times and in certain limited localities, there is an excess of Smiths. A plethora of Smiths in one place, however, implies a corresponding paucity of Smiths in another, and the difficulty soon regulates itself. It may be confidently asserted that the great law of supply and demand can be trusted to preserve the balance of Smiths from any serious disturbance. Hence, it is sufficiently plain that there is no need of a sudden contraction of the volume of Smiths, and that the Smith roller and crusher is wholly superfluous.

There is still another objection to the machine, which is, at least, as serious as that already suggested. No one will deny that, were it desired to contract the volume of Smiths by a certain definite number every week or month, the Smith roller and crusher would accomplish that end with thoroughness and success. A Smith when once rolled to the uniform thinness of a quarter of an inch, or crushed to the fineness of ground coffee, would be of no further use as a Smith. But why employ costly machinery to roll and crush Smiths when they could be retired with equal efficiency in a dozen different and less expensive ways? The inventor has not yet made a suggestion as to the possible use to which a rolled Smith might be put, neither has he proposed any plan for the utilization of crushed Smiths. On the other hand, it is perfectly evident that one result of his process would be the financial ruin of coffin-makers, who, as is well known, regard the Smiths as their most valuable clients. The more closely the invention is studied, the more plainly it is seen that it meets no real want, and that it proposes to do in an elaborate and costly way what might be done more simply and cheaply. It is an unpleasant task to say to an ingenious inventor: "You have wasted your labor and have produced what is at best only a curious scientific toy." This, however, must be the universal verdict upon the Smith roller and crusher. The rich and idle amateur of science may occasionally amuse himself by rolling or crushing Smiths in his private laboratory or workshop, but it is folly to suppose that the machine will ever come into general use or that the inventor or the

public will ever reap any decided benefit from it.—*The Comic Liar.*"



AN EARLY FALL

Thoughts on Eve

... The first woman, finding no other man in the garden except her husband, took to flirting even with the Devil. The race might have been saved much tribulation if Eden had been located in some calm and tranquil land—like Ireland. There would at least have been no snakes there to get into the garden. Now woman, in her thirst after knowledge, showed her true female inquisitiveness in her cross-examination of the serpent, and, in commemoration of the circumstance, the serpent seems to have been curled up and used in nearly all languages as a sign of interrogation. Soon the domestic troubles of our first parents began. The first woman's favorite son was killed with a club, and married women even to this day seem to have an instinctive horror of clubs. The first woman learned that it was Cain that raised a club. The modern woman has learned that it is a club that raises Cain. Yet I think I recognize faces here to-night that I see behind the windows of Fifth Avenue clubs of an afternoon, with their noses pressed flat against the broad plate glass, and as woman trips along the sidewalk I have observed that these gentlemen appear to be more assiduously engaged than ever was a government scientific commission in taking observations upon the transit of Venus.—*From a speech by Horace Porter.*

Darkness

A blockhead bit by fleas put out the light,
And, chuckling, cried: "Now you can't see to bite!"

—*Grecian Anthology.*

A pound of Care will not pay an ounce of Debt.—*Spanish Proverb.*



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Longworth's Vulnerable Spot

An Ohio farmer who wrote that he owned nine cows and asked Representative Longworth to send him a Government exterminator for flies will receive the following reply in due course of the mails:

"Sorry, but I, too, am in quest of the same thing. I have no cows, but I have a bald head. Sometimes I wish I were a cow instead of a Congressman."

—New York Sun.

All Things to All Men

"Out!" decided Death, the great Umpire.

"Next!" called Death, the great Barber.

"No funds!" noted Death, the great Receiving Teller.

"Thirty!" ticked Death, the great Telegraph Operator.

"Home!" said Death, the great Footman.

"Ring down!" signalled Death, the great Stage Manager.

"Garnisheed!" gasped Death, the great Creditor.

"Pi!" exclaimed Death, the great Composer.

"Accept service!" demanded Death, the great Process Server.

"Move on!" ordered Death, the great Policeman.

"Stymied!" chuckled Death, the great Golfer.

"Kill!" blue penciled Death, the great Editor.

"Crap!" cried Death, the great Dicer.

"Grand Slam!" claimed Death, the great Bridge Expert.

"Tickets!" sang out Death, the great Conductor.

"Rock the boat!" yelled Death, the great Fool.

"Fall out!" commanded Death, the great General.

"All bets off!" whispered Death, the great Bookmaker.

"The operation is a success!" announced Death, the great Surgeon.

"Foreclose!" insisted Death, the great Lawyer.

"House dark!" gave out Death, the great Manager.

"Step lively!" roared Death, the great Subway Guard.

"Going, going, gone!" shrilled Death, the great Auctioneer.

"Draw your fires!" cautioned Death, the great Engineer.

"Going down!" piped Death, the great Elevator Boy.

"Eat 'em alive!" bellowed Death, the great Barker.

"I call!" chipped in Death, the great Poker Player.

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"Amen!" intoned Death, the great Clergyman.

"Tag; you're it!" laughed Death, the great Playmate.

R. L. F.

'Tis False

"She claims she has a perfect alibi."

"What is her alibi?"

"She says that she can prove that at the time the crime was committed her little girl was brushing her hair."

"That proves an alibi for her hair, but how about herself."—Houston Post.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

is made to suit all tastes, both as to type and style. Its materials are highest grade. The webbings are of the best quality, and will retain their strength and elasticity, giving maximum service. Metal parts are of brass, rust proof, and heavily nicked.



THESE THREE TYPES

cover any man's needs for all seasons or occasions. The "Cord" is the original staple "Boston Garter"; "Needdraw" for summer wear (no metal next the skin); "Pad," a recent type excelling in comfort and growing in favor.

The trade marks "Velvet Grip" and "Boston Garter" stamped on the loops.

For sale everywhere. Sample Pair, postpaid, Cotton, 25 cents, Silk, 60 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO. - BOSTON, U.S.A.

What's the Use?

I If I celebrate Fourth of July
With the death dealing things I can
buy,

With the aid of the powder
The noise may be louder,
But it may be I'm minus an eye.

Perhaps I may blow off my arm,
Or encounter more serious harm;
It's unpatriotic,
And I think idiotic
To take out of life half its charm.

For how can a fellow play ball,
Or engage in athletics at all,
If he hobbles on crutches,
Or his hand always clutches
A cane for support lest he fall?

Do you think in the 'Varsity crew
They could find any opening for you,
If in some celebration
Of the birth of our nation
You had blown off your hand, as some
do?

And how will you feel when you find
That the soldier boys left you behind,
No part to be lending
To the nation's defending
Because you are crippled or blind?

Now, fellows, I see no excuse
Why we should not try to reduce
The killing and maiming
Our Fourths have been claiming—
So let's cut it out! What's the use?
J. Wenzel.

"THE Hague has done much toward promoting the peace of the world." "Yes," replied Miss Cheyenne, "and so has Reno."—*Washington Star*.

Business and Medicine

A DOCTOR who advertises by sending out circulars and otherwise calling attention to his skill, has this to say about his methods:

"So long as a physician making public announcements states only facts, and so long as he fulfills to the letter all his obligations to his patients, he is strictly within both his legal and moral rights in advertising his special ability."

"When patients call at my office—
"I first carefully examine them and take pains to make an exact diagnosis of their case."

"I then tell them just what their condition is, what the exact cost of a complete cure will be and about how long it will take."

This particular doctor would not be recognized by any of the regular members of the medical profession, and yet, haven't they something to learn from his methods of doing business?

Imagine any physician "in good standing" volunteering beforehand the cost of his treatment!

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Ask the epicure—ask the dispenser—the answer is invariably—

GOOD OLD OVERHOLT RYE

Most preferred by those who best know

A fitting accompaniment to all better occasions



That Summer Novel

Is Just Published

ESSENCE OF HONEYMOON

By H. Perry Robinson

"When a married couple leave a hotel," I said to Euphemia, "the wife should walk quite independently of the husband. You need not cling to me." "But I wasn't going to," interrupted Euphemia—"walk straight on to the front door and strive to convey the impression that you are accustomed to having a husband around."

Everybody who has ever indulged in a honeymoon will laugh over the delicious humor of the situations, and everybody who hasn't been honeymooning would better steer clear of the book altogether—it is too fine, too dainty for the uninitiated.

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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetizing, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Down to the Rind

A grocery salesman entering a store found the place in charge of the delivery boy. Upon being asked where the proprietor was, the boy replied:

"I am the whole cheese here." The traveling man departed, leaving a note for the proprietor, which the boy promptly opened.

"Permit me to suggest," it read, "that you are nearly out of cheese."

—*Success Magazine.*

HEAD CLERK: What do you mean by btg. sts.?

NEW CLERK: Bathing suits. They are abbreviated this summer.—*Sphinx.*

Copr. J. A. Mitchell.



"—and Caught the Outstretched Hands"

Dr. Thorne's Idea

By J. A. MITCHELL

Author of

THE LAST AMERICAN, AMOS JUDD,
THE PINES OF LORY, Etc. Etc.

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One Dollar, Net

This book has the same originality of plot and charm of fancy that made "Amos Judd" and "Pines of Lory" peculiarly and popularly successful.

It has also the same underlying vein of humor which crops out at unexpected moments, giving relief to the serious and genuinely sentimental passages in which the story abounds.

—*Baltimore American.*

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Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

A rich, mellow, fully aged beer with the delightful tang of hops but not the excessive bitter taste that is so unpleasant.



Books Received

My First Summer in the Sierra, by John Muir. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.50.)

Phyllis in Middlewych, by Margaret Westrup. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul, by Jirah D. Buck, M.D. (Robt. Clarke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. \$2.00.)

Esther Damon, by Mrs. Fremont Older. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.)

The Price, by Francis Lynde. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.30 net.)

The Girl that Disappears, by Gen. Theodore A. Bingham. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Rhymes of the City of Roses, by T. B. Shartle. Vol. I. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Dementia Praecox, by Adolf Meyer, M.D., Smith Ely Jelliffe, M.D., and August Hoch, M.D. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00 net.)

The Dawn Meadow, by G. A. Dennen. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00 net.)

Post-Mortem Use of Wealth, by Daniel S. Remsen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Tyranny of Speed, by E. H. Hodgkinson. (John Lane Company. \$1.25 net.)

Parliament, by Sir Courtenay P. Herbert. (Home University Library No. 1.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

Shakespeare, by John Masefield. (Home University Library No. 2.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

The French Revolution, by Hilaire Belloc. (Home University Library No. 3.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

A Short History of War and Peace, by G. H. Perris. (Home University Library No. 4.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

The Stock Exchange, by F. W. Hirst. (Home University Library No. 5.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

The Irish Nationality, by Mrs. J. R. Green. (Home University Library No. 6.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

Modern Geography, by Marion I. Newbigin. (Home University Library No. 7.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

Polar Exploration, by W. S. Bruce. (Home University Library No. 8.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

The Evolution of Plants, by Dr. D. H. Scott. (Home University Library No. 9.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

The Socialist Movement, by J. Ramsay Macdonald. (Home University Library No. 10.) (Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.)

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The Resort Beautiful
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Cortez CIGARS
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The recent announcement by one of the best known and oldest manufacturers (who heretofore has been particularly partial to the *Four*) of the addition of a *Six* to their 1912 line, further emphasizes this fact.

The *Four* will, therefore, from now

on, suffer greater depreciation than a *Six*.

Coupled with this, the fact that the *Six* possesses a multitude of advantages over the *Four*, makes it the most desirable car for you to buy.

A *McFarlan Six* costs no more than you would ordinarily pay for a *Four*—it costs \$500 to \$1000 less than other *Sixes*.

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Five Points Worth Remembering:

1. That only the finest Charente wine enters MARTELL'S distilleries.
2. That it is there distilled with utmost care by MARTELL & CO. themselves. This ensures its extraordinary quality.
3. That there are tens of thousands of puncheons developing and maturing in MARTELL'S stores.
4. That consequently MARTELL & CO. never have to bottle a Brandy until it is perfectly fit and ready for the mark it is to carry.
5. That to call a brandy better than MARTELL'S is an empty boast—to beat MARTELL'S for Quality a frank impossibility.

Sole Agents
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New York

College Yells

THOSE of us who have been within a few miles' radius of a collection of American students, laboring under the stress of great emotion, viz., witnessing a baseball or football match, know well and to our cost what a college yell means. This yell has a history attached to it. It owes its origin to the time of the departure of the Seventh Regiment from New York during the Civil War, the 20th of April, 1861, to be precise. The regiment was mustered in its armory in Tompkins Market, awaiting the signal to advance.

ORIGIN OF THE "ROCKET"

Friends swarmed about, smoking furiously and as full of fight as though they, too, were off to Washington. A few who were unable to go brought in their substitutes and made and remade their half-shamed apologies, while for every vacancy one hundred clamored to be recruited in the place. Finally, all were ready, and when it was announced that every musket was taken, that within every uniform there stood a man, there burst forth such a medley of patriotic songs and volleys of cheers, each three hurrahs given with a tiger, that the building rocked upon its foundations. Then came the few brief spoken adieux, and "over all the incessant thunder of huzzahs for the regiment and the Union." Here, in the inspiring sounds and scenes of this muster, an unknown soldier suddenly conceived and gave the rocket cheer, "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Tiger! Siss, boom, ah!" Crudely was it given at first and with few voices, yet so distinct as to represent the rocket's hissing rise, its sharp burst in the air and the awed exclamation of the spectators. Then the men fell in and the regiment was in motion. Out upon the street, with the band playing national airs and the regimental quicksteps, with the police relieving each other to clear the way, with lines broken by the pressing crowds, surging like the billows of the ocean, underneath a canopy of flags gloriously fluttering in the sunlight, past buildings streaming with banners, every porch, window ledge and roof of which was jammed with people; past Major Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, who reviewed the passing regiment, past crowds that blockaded Chatham Street, that filled the park and clustered against the museum, the Seventh Regiment, nine hundred and ninety strong, marched down Broadway.

IMPROVEMENT BY PRACTICE

But the "rocket" cheer was not forgotten. Across New Jersey, through New Brunswick and into Princeton went the train, running the gauntlet of thousands of madly excited, shrieking, huzzahing patriots, and all the way the soldiers answered with the "rocket." As the train ran into Princeton, the collegians cheered, the soldiers cheered, and the air was laden with a patriotic and inharmonious medley of sound. On went the train, but the collegians had learned that "rocket" yell. The "rocket," known as the Nassau "rocket," is an institution; it has been incorporated in other yells, perversions of the real thing, but it has never been dropped entirely.—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

A Pointer for Mme. Marchesi

A WASHINGTON policeman found a negro, at two o'clock one morning, acting rather suspiciously in the neighborhood of some of the big houses on Massachusetts Avenue.

"Here, you!" shouted the policeman. "What are you doing here?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, I think you are. Explain now or I'll pull you in."

"Boss," said the negro, "I ain't doin' nothin'! You see, I sings tenor in our church choir."

"Well, what's that got to do with your being here?"

"A heap, boss—a heap. I sings tenor in our church choir an' th' man what sings bass is sick."

"Come along," said the policeman."

"Hol' on, boss—hol' on! Th' man what sings bass is sick an' I's gotter take his place in th' choir; so, singin' tenor as I does, I's out here catchin' cold, so I kin sing bass."

—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"NINE YEARS WAR WITH PRIVILEGE"

The Life Story of the late **TOM L. JOHNSON**
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TOM L. JOHNSON was in some ways the foremost foe of Privilege in the nation. He gained, as a benefactor from tariffs and franchises, a fortune that ran into millions. But this was before he began to fight on the people's side. Once there, his heart was so in the contest that he refused to turn aside to save his health or wealth, though he saw clearly that both were being lost.

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A political forecast by **O. K. DAVIS**, the celebrated Washington correspondent, who sizes up the coming Presidential campaign, and tells you how the different "booms" are progressing, and also predicts the nominees for 1912.

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This is the story of California's redemption, and of the man who pointed the way. It tells how this insurgent leader broke the Southern Pacific's grip on California.

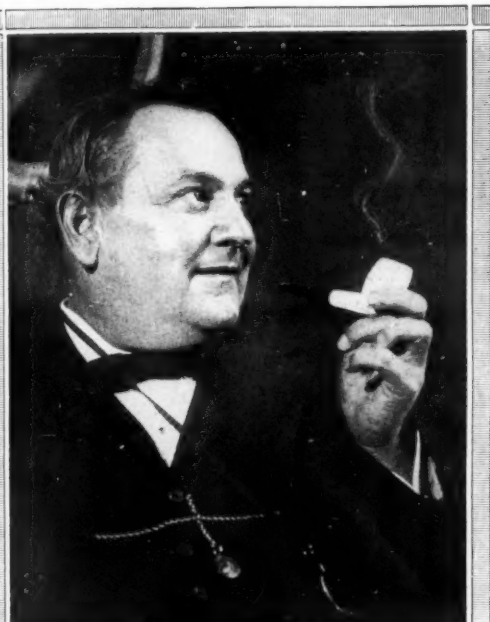
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There are four odors—Violet, Carnation, Rose (a flesh tint) and Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume—put up in a handsome free-sifting, non-leaking, hinged-top box.



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How to get it

A Vanity Box, carried in the purse or chatelaine bag, is almost indispensable when motoring, traveling or at the seashore. We believe there are few women, especially young women, who will not be glad to get one of these attractive and useful little boxes, for which, at a store, they would willingly pay a dollar. If you don't need it yourself, it will make an exquisite little present for some friend.

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